

February 23, 1952

THE *Nation*

Wire-Tapping: Supreme Court vs. the FBI

BY ALAN F. WESTIN

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Soviet Writing Today

BY ERNEST J. SIMMONS

✱

MIDWINTER BOOKS

The Writer's Dilemma in Britain - - - Vincent Brome
The Faith of a Liberal - - - - - Ernest Nagel
Form and Feeling - - - - - Stephen Spender
The Asian Revolution - - - - W. Norman Brown

Other Reviews by *George Genzmer, Joseph Wood Krutch,*
Keith Hutchison, Richard Hofstadter

FEB 21 1952

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WE ACCUSE!

THE SHAMEFUL RECORD IN THE BRIDGES CASE

Harry Bridges, Australian-born president of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, has been under attack since 1934.

Throughout the years of his leadership of Pacific coast waterfront workers, he has been the object of a campaign unparalleled in American history. Only the 22-year imprisonment of Tom Mooney lasted longer than the attempts to persecute, frame, deport and imprison Harry Bridges.

1934—The U. S. Dept. of Immigration sought to deport Bridges as an *undesirable alien*. This launched a campaign of surveillance, wiretapping, police investigations, and other methods to "get Bridges."

1939—When the Immigration Dept. brought charges to deport Bridges, Dean James Landis of the Harvard Law School, was named by President Roosevelt as a special hearing officer. Landis ordered the charges dropped.

1941—Congress amended Immigration Act to "constitutionally" deport Bridges. Judge Charles B. Sears, with long anti-labor record, named to reopen case and found Bridges "guilty." Board of Immigration Appeals, in unprecedented action, overruled Sears' judgment. But U. S. Attorney General Biddle upheld Sears by moving for deportation nevertheless. The case went to the courts.

1945—The U. S. Supreme Court found deportation action against Bridges "unlawful."

1945—Bridges applied for citizenship papers. Proudly became citizen.

1949—Bridges was brought to trial, in an atmosphere of hysteria, accused of "perjury" when applying for citizenship. Sentenced to 5 years in prison. J. R. Robertson, Henry Schmidt, fellow union leaders who were witnesses to naturalization, sentenced to 2-year terms. The case now is on appeal.

TODAY Harry Bridges faces a new threat to his freedom and—through him—to the wages and conditions of the working people he represents. Unity and cooperation of all organized labor—together with thousands of clergymen, teachers, professional people in all walks of life who are concerned with attacks on democratic rights—defeated the first frame-up attempt in 1937. Such unity aided the victorious decision of 1939 and helped win the historic Supreme Court decision in 1945 which enabled Bridges to obtain his citizenship.

Today the new "crime" for which Bridges stands accused is that of "perjury" when filing his application for citizenship in 1945. The claim is that Bridges lied when he denied Communist affiliations—despite a U. S. Supreme Court decision on this question.

Thus the frame-up pattern against Bridges—thrice repudiated by courts and examiners in the past 18 years—continues.

Climax of Long Persecution

Within the next few weeks, Bridges and his two associates—Robertson and Schmidt—face the climax of the fourth frame-up attempt. The Appellate Court of the 9th Circuit in San Francisco will hear oral arguments and make its decision. The bias of the prosecution is shown in many ways including its attempt to circumvent the statute of limitations.

Today—the Bridges case is a front-line in America in the defense of civil liberties. If Bridges goes to jail, the entire defense of American principles of dissent receives one of its most serious setbacks.

We Accuse Anti-labor Forces!

The Bridges-Robertson-Schmidt Defense Committee states that the attack on Bridges today is no different from the attacks on this labor leader in past years. *We accuse the Dept. of Immigration, the Attorney General, corrupt politicians and anti-labor forces who have sought to destroy effective unionism of this conspiracy. We accuse enemies of American democracy of attacking—not only one man—but the democratic principles and living standards of American working people.*

We appeal to all liberty-loving Americans: *speak out against this fourth attempt to "get" Bridges. Please use the coupon below—TODAY!*

"Bridges' own statement of his political beliefs and disbeliefs is important. It was given not only without reserve but vigorously as dogma and faiths of which the man was proud and which represented in his mind the aims of his existence."

—DEAN JAMES M. LANDIS
December 28, 1939.

"The most significant feature of the inquiry, as it seems to me, is the *paucity of the evidentiary product* as contrasted with the magnitude of the effort expended in producing it."

—JUDGE WILLIAM HEALY, 1944

"They revealed a militant advocacy of the cause of trade unionism. But they did not teach or advocate or advise the subversive conduct condemned by the statute."

—JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS
June 18, 1945

"The record in this case will stand forever as a monument to man's intolerance of man. Seldom if ever in the history of this nation has there been such a concerted and relentless crusade to deport an individual because he dared to exercise the freedom that belongs to him as a human being and that is guaranteed to him by the Constitution."

—JUSTICE FRANK MURPHY
June 18, 1945

To the BRIDGES-ROBERTSON-SCHMIDT DEFENSE COMMITTEE 150 Golden Gate Avenue, San Francisco 2, California

I have written to the President and the Attorney General, to urge an end to the persecution of Harry Bridges and his associates. ☐

You may use my name in the defense of these persecuted union leaders. ☐

I enclose my contribution to the fight to preserve civil liberties through defense of Bridges-Robertson-Schmidt. ☐

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THE *Nation*

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THE DEL VAYO CASE

WHEN J. Alvarez del Vayo, *The Nation's* foreign editor, and his wife returned from Europe on Friday, February 8, they were taken direct from the pier to Ellis Island. There they were held *incomunicado* until the following Monday evening. During their detention they were not permitted any communication with publisher or counsel. They were not advised of any charges against them, and when they were finally released, "on parole," they still had no idea of the cause of their detention.

Mr. del Vayo, who was Foreign Minister of Spain's last republican government, came to the United States in 1940 and three years later was granted permanent resident status. As foreign editor of *The Nation* and an accredited United Nations correspondent, he has visited Europe every year since 1945, writing on post-war developments, with full freedom of exit and reentry. When he arrived in New York last week, on the French liner *Liberté*, after covering the sessions of the General Assembly in Paris, both he and his wife carried validated reentry permits given them before they left the country in August.

The whole affair is incomprehensible. When the facts become known to us, we will report them fully to our readers. In the meantime it is a satisfaction to be able to record that during the Del Vayos' period of detention those who knew about it were quick to express their dismay and indignation.

The Shape of Things

NEITHER SIDE WANTS THE KOREAN TRUCE talks to collapse and full-dress war to begin. So the verbal duel goes on, long stretches of slow-motion wrangling punctuated by moments of hope when one team or the other concedes a point or when, to avoid total deadlock, the talks shift to some new item on the agenda. This past week the Communists offered slight concessions on the exchange of war prisoners and the repatriation of displaced civilians, though they stuck to their

central, unacceptable demand that all prisoners, without regard to individual choice, be returned within two months after an armistice. But the chief attention of the negotiators was fixed on two more fundamental issues. The first was the Communists' proposal that one of the three "neutral" nations designated by them to supervise enforcement of a truce should be the Soviet Union. This was quickly sat upon by the U. N. representative, although the other two nations named by the Communists, Poland and Czechoslovakia, were accepted. But a more important question concerned the political conference to be held after the start of an armistice. Rejecting the Communist proposal that such a conference should deal with general Asian differences, the U. N. is insisting on an agenda strictly limited to a Korean settlement. As the week began, the Communists seemed likely to accept this view, only an ambiguous "et cetera" standing between their position and that of the U. N. But the obdurate fact behind all the talk is that a true peace in Korea, as the Communist claim, can be achieved only as part of a solution embracing other Asian problems, at a minimum the future of Formosa and relations with Peking. And this presupposes a general negotiated settlement between the United States and Russia. Toward this goal no perceptible progress has been made.

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OUT OF THE SOUTH LAST WEEK CAME SOME good news mixed with tragic. In Fair Bluff, North Carolina, in an action which may presage a broader federal attack on the KKK, the FBI arrested ten klansmen for kidnaping and flogging a white couple. But in Ocala, Florida, Walter Lee Irvin, Negro, was sentenced to death for the second time by an all-white jury for alleged rape of a white woman. The United States Supreme Court had reversed the first conviction on the ground that the trial had been conducted against a background of violence and bloodshed. There was no violence during the Ocala proceedings, but from this distance there appears to have been little justice either. The state's case was powerfully attacked by a reputable criminologist who charged that the prosecution had fabricated plaster casts of footprints, a white witness who swore that the alleged rape victim had admitted to him that "because it was so dark" she could not identify her attackers, and defense counsel, who pointed out that no medical evidence was

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produced to show that rape had occurred. Doubts raised by these points might have been expected to give any jury pause; not so the Ocala jury, which returned its verdict in one hour and twenty-three minutes. Journalists on the spot have added a special twist to the case: they say that Florida authorities, uneasy because of the unfavorable publicity the state has been receiving on this and other cases, offered Irvin a life sentence if he would plead guilty. Irvin, it is said, heroically refused the offer. If this is so, here is another vindication of the stand taken by those who believe, like *The Nation*, that justice is everybody's business and not a community monopoly—whether the community be Ocala, Fair Bluff, or Cairo, Illinois. The "unfavorable publicity" which today leads racists to attempt to bargain with justice will, at long last, cause them to succumb to it.

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WHEN WHITE RESIDENTS OF ALTAMONTE Springs, Florida, found their voting majority threatened by Negro residents, they got rid of the threat by ruling the Negroes "out of town" (*The Nation*, December 15, 1951). Atlanta, Georgia, a bigger and more sophisticated community has chosen not to rule Negroes out but to rule more whites in. Acting on a master-plan for "municipal improvements" approved by the Talmadge-controlled legislature, the city proclaimed last New Year's Day as "Greater Atlanta Day," establishing new municipal boundaries which include eighty-two additional square miles of territory. This "jimcrowmandering" increased the percentage of the city's white population from 67 to 72 and—what is more significant—boosted the ratio of white voters to Negro voters from two to one, to three to one. But there is evidence to show that the creation of Greater Atlanta also represents a forward step in municipal government, including the elimination of considerable patronage, a more efficient school system, and other items. It is heartening to reflect that, long after the prejudices which created it have been wiped out, the better school system will still be there, serving tomorrow's young generation of Atlantans without discrimination.

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AS THE WEEK BEGAN, IT SEEMED CERTAIN that the government of Edgar Faure would win the support of the French National Assembly, enabling it to participate in the Lisbon conference of NATO which opened on Wednesday. But in order to obtain the votes of the Socialists, without which its fall was assured, the government made important modifications in the resolution pledging French support for a European army including twelve German divisions. Last week-end the Americans and British went a long way to meet the most important condition put forward by the French: West Germany, they agreed, would not be admitted to NATO "for the time being." The debate in Paris showed that

the deeply rooted French mistrust of Germany had grown stronger as a result of the stridency with which Bonn has recently been stating its conditions. Deputies of all parties voiced the fear that a rearmend Germany would come to dominate Western Europe and might eventually drag it into a war of revenge against the East. In an attempt to allay such fears the modified resolution coupled a promise of equal treatment for West Germany with a declaration that this could not include admission to NATO, which in view of its "exclusively defensive character should only include states which have no interest in territorial demands." In addition, the resolution requested American and British guaranties against the risk that West Germany would pull out of the European army once it was reestablished as a military power. Clearly the gap between French conditions for participation in a European army and those of Bonn—summarized in these columns last week—is a wide one. Possibly the Lisbon conference will find means of bridging it, but at present the ancient rivalry between the two countries appears to be a more potent factor than their common fear of Russia. *

WHILE THE ATTENTION OF THE WORLD HAS been riveted on the German rearmament problem, the financial situation of France has been daily growing more critical. The steady fall of the franc in the black market—it touched 467 to the dollar last week compared with an official rate of 350—shows that speculators are expecting a new devaluation. With the adverse trade balance mounting month by month, foreign-exchange reserves have been reduced almost to zero. Now the government has announced sharp cuts in imports together with a plan to subsidize exports. But these are measures which will not become fully effective for some months and then only if action is taken to reduce the internal inflation which has pushed French prices far above those of competing countries. This requires in the first place heavier taxes. M. Faure, who is Finance Minister as well as Premier, is asking for new levies totaling 182 billion francs. Since a more modest request led to the downfall of the previous French government, his chances of survival must be rated as poor.

*

PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS AND REPORTERS were barred from accompanying Senator Taft on his recent tour of a paper mill in Wisconsin Rapids. Since his successful 1950 campaign in Ohio, Taft has placed great stress on the importance of plant meetings. But during a recent visit to Janesville, he was greeted by cat-calls in a Chevrolet plant, and two workers refused to shake hands with him. Another worker was fined \$25 for "disorderly conduct" while asking a question about the Taft-Hartley act. At Wisconsin Rapids reporters

were told to "see Henry Baldwin" when they objected to being turned back at the gates. Mr. Baldwin turned out to be the Republican County Chairman as well as coordinator of plants and processes for the Consolidated Water Power and Paper Company, owner of the plant which Senator Taft was visiting. Asked for an explanation of the ban on the press, Mr. Baldwin said: "Our policy is that politics stops at the gates." Asked why under such a policy Taft was permitted to speak in the plant, Baldwin replied that the Senator was visiting as "a statesman rather than a politician." We hope Senator Taft continues to have plant officials, who are his local political henchmen, turn out the employees as "captive audiences." The more workers forced to listen to him under these circumstances, the fewer votes he is likely to receive. Even so, it seems pretty harsh treatment for the workers: what ever happened to that lost freedom—the freedom *not* to listen? *

WHEN GOVERNOR DAN THORNTON OF Colorado approved the continuance of a Survey Committee on Migrant Labor early last year, he was not troubled by any intimations of future embarrassment. But when the committee recently submitted its findings, the Governor took noisy exception to one part—condensed into a booklet entitled "Colorado Tale"—which painted a rather dark picture of the conditions of migratory labor. "It's bad publicity," he said. The committee took the hint, and distribution of the booklet was not pushed. The sequel was interesting. Under the law Colorado's General Assembly in even-numbered years can consider only appropriations and legislation specifically recommended by the Governor. Last week Governor Thornton presented a thirteen-point program to the legislature which omitted mention of migrant labor. Evidently the powerful sugar-beet industry, which employs most of the state's migratory workers, has lost little of its influence at the state capitol in Denver. *

THE IRAQI PARLIAMENT HAS RATIFIED A new agreement with the Iraq Petroleum Company—which comprises British, French, Dutch, and American interests—providing for a fifty-fifty split in profits between company and government. With this point settled, the company proposes by 1955 to raise output five-fold as compared with 1950 and to increase the capacity of its pipe lines to the Lebanon coast of the Mediterranean from just over 100,000 to 500,000 barrels a day. Meanwhile an expert commission sent out by the World Bank has recommended the adoption by Iraq of a five-year economic-development plan requiring an investment of \$470,000,000. The heart of this plan is the construction of irrigation works to make possible the cultivation of large areas of rich soil on which landless peasants could be settled. The mission also proposes im-

portant industrial developments, including a big chemical plant in the Kirkuk oilfield which would use natural gas and local gypsum as its chief raw materials. On paper this plan, which can be financed wholly from prospective oil royalties, appears well designed to give the country a start toward the productivity its natural resources warrant and toward raising the dismally low living standards of its masses. But many obstacles lie between the blueprint and its realization. The United Nations could perhaps provide the technicians required, but they would have a heartbreaking task combating the inertia, inefficiency, and corruption of the Iraqi bureaucracy. An even more serious difficulty might be sabotage by the large landowners, who would not welcome a scheme that offered their exploited laborers and sharecroppers a chance of escaping to the new farms and factories.

*

THE SUCCESS OF IRAQ IN OBTAINING AN equal profit-sharing agreement, like that of the Sheik of Kuwait, may owe something to the intransigence of the Iranian government, although the pattern was set over a year ago when Aramco acceded to Ibn Saud's demands for a revision of its contract on similar lines. But whether or not these and other Arab governments have reason to be grateful to Premier Mossadegh, they now have no particular interest in seeing him win his battle. The fact is that since last June increased production in Kuwait, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, and some smaller fields has completely filled the gap in world supplies that opened when Iranian oil ceased to flow. Thus if the World Bank were successful in its present efforts to persuade Mossadegh to accept a workable compromise, and Iranian oil again became available, there would be a threat of overproduction which would make things awkward for other Arab countries and the oil companies operating in them. Any reduction in output which led to a considerable fall in oil revenues would create political reactions; on the other hand, oil storage facilities are limited, and a large surplus exported from the Middle East would upset markets elsewhere. The oil companies might, of course, cut prices which are based on United States Gulf Coast quotations, with a view to creating new demands. They could easily afford to do so, since production costs in the Middle East are much lower than in Texas or Louisiana. And undoubtedly cheaper oil would do a great deal to accelerate the economic development of Asia. Nevertheless, there will be tremendous resistance to the adoption of this solution of the problem, for it would require revision of a world price structure that the great international combines have long and profitably maintained. For all these reasons, the demands of conflicting national and economic interests seem likely, in the months ahead, to outweigh the ideals of Moslem solidarity.

Eisenhower As Symbol

SINCE the appearance of General Eisenhower's Paris statement of January 7, the public has been provided with several summaries of his views on matters foreign and domestic. We believe these summaries are sufficient to reveal the political nature of the man behind the uniform. To be sure, the General has spoken in meaningless generalities on many important questions and on others he has remained silent. But he has said enough to give a fairly consistent impression of his opinions and his approach.

As to Eisenhower's general political views, we concur with Joseph C. Harsch of the *Christian Science Monitor*, who wrote on November 26 last that they are "to the right of center—perhaps even farther right than those of Senator Robert A. Taft. . . . The sum total would seem to be that while General Eisenhower's foreign policies amount to a much more eloquent and persuasive version of the Truman policies, his domestic thinking is harmonious with that of Senator Taft." On domestic issues the difference between Taft and Eisenhower seems to be principally in the quality of their thinking. Senator Taft is a convinced reactionary; General Eisenhower, on the other hand, seems to have improvised himself into one. On most issues his aim apparently has been to adopt the position least likely to arouse controversy and opposition. Senator Taft is reactionary by conviction; General Eisenhower is reactionary out of expediency—and few American public figures have been more skilful in avoiding criticism.

Although the General's entire career has been spent in the oldest, most extravagant, and most inflexible of bureaucracies, he nevertheless regards "bureaucracy" and "raids on the Treasury" as more dangerous to American security than any external threat. He is opposed to federal aid to education and has defined a liberal as "a man in Washington who wants to play the Almighty with your money." He believes it is impossible to have a democracy without free enterprise. He regards the profit motive as sacrosanct. He is afraid the people might be lured into a dictatorship through hand-outs. He has scoffed at cradle-to-the-grave social security; in fact he regards the craving for security as degenerate. If all that Americans want is security, he has said, "they can go to prison." In this connection it is interesting to recall that while Eisenhower has spoken with scorn of the "cloying effect of subsidy," his entire career has been spent in a service which provides complete economic security at public expense.

The puzzle about Eisenhower is how, holding these views, he can be such a genuinely popular national figure. The answer would seem to be that he has become a kind of "dream image" of what the average American likes and admires. He is sociable; he is modest; he is in-

formal in manner; his words have a warm, "inspirational" quality; he likes people and wants them to like him; he has a friendly, outgoing personality; and he is pleasantly naive—even his admirers refer to his political views as being sometimes "immature" and "uncomplicated."

His most striking personal characteristic seems to be his ability to "get along" with all kinds of people—even at a price which some might regard as too high. On this score, the General's testimony before the Senate Armed Services Committee on April 2, 1948, was most revealing. He began by saying that "there is race prejudice in this country" which creates "social problems on a post," particularly "if you have a dance for your soldiers." Besides, if Negroes were to be integrated throughout the services rather than kept in separate platoons, which he approved, competition would relegate them to the menial positions because they would not be as well educated as other groups. Such problems, in his view, could not be solved "merely by passing a lot of laws to force someone to like someone else." When Senator Richard Russell proceeded to cite misleading statistics about the Negro crime rate and the incidence of venereal disease among Negro troops, the General sat silent and

attentive. Only at the close of the hearing, and then only in the mildest way, did he voice some disagreement, and he managed to do this in a way that won Senator Russell's "complete" consent.

The danger is not that in electing General Eisenhower to the Presidency the people might be buying "a pig in a poke" but rather that he is so perfect a symbol of the country's collective political fantasies that he might easily sweep with him into office a bevy of Senators and Representatives who would give us the most reactionary Congress in decades. Franklin D. Roosevelt was another dynamic symbol, but Roosevelt was at all times fully aware that he could unite only those elements that had certain common interests; he never sought an all-embracing unity. The "unity" for which Eisenhower appeals is spurious because it ignores the conflicts inherent in contemporary politics, because he belongs to the right and if elected will inevitably be the right's President. As the symbol of a spurious unity he could easily be used to commit us to ends that no evil-purposed Machiavelli in the White House could ever sell us. The question, then, is whether we want "dynamic" leadership of the charismatic variety or leadership based on democratic understanding.



IKE'S SQUARE DANCE CLASS

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Communists in Unions

BY WILLARD SHELTON

Washington, February 14

A SENATE labor subcommittee headed by Senator Humphrey of Minnesota is opening hearings next week on the problem of Communists in labor unions. The committee's approach has been the exact opposite to McCarthyism. Its staff members have sought information and advice from union leaders, defense officials, management spokesmen, civil-liberties champions, and others as to whether or not Communist control of certain unions is a major security threat and, if it is, what can be done about it. The public hearings are intended to furnish light, not heat, and the subcommittee is in the hands of liberals.

No honest person can deny that a number of unions in strategic industries are still under pro-Communist leadership, though the C. I. O. expelled unions which allegedly followed the Communist Party line and chartered new unions to compete with them for members. The new C. I. O. International Union of Electrical and Radio Workers has captured most of the membership of the departed United Electrical Workers, but not all. In secret balloting under NLRB processes the U. E. has held the workers in key Westinghouse and General Electric plants. Communists still occupy high positions in unions of miners, maritime workers, and workers on secret defense projects.

Any outside attempt to purge unions of Communist leadership must be at the cost of civil rights and democratic union procedures. It cannot be assumed that this cost would necessarily be balanced by a corresponding gain to national security. But even from the point of view of those who do assume this, the non-Communist-affidavit provisions of the Taft-Hartley law have been worse than useless. Suspected Communists simply file affidavits of non-membership and keep on running their unions. The Department of Justice has not been able to bring successful perjury indictments against suspected Communist union leaders.

Undeniably a problem exists. In the event of war with the Soviet Union, individual Communists in defense industries can be expected to commit sabotage. They may even now be guilty of espionage. The question is how to deal with the danger. The recommendations forwarded to the Humphrey subcommittee in response to its inquiries are of three general kinds. William Green of the A. F. of L. and Philip Murray of the C. I. O. oppose special legislation. The problem, in the opinion of these top union officials, can be handled by tightened security regulations, the repeal of Taft-Hartley restrictions, and self-cleansing processes within the union.

Other informed persons agree that there should be

no broad substantive anti-Communist legislation but believe that administrative procedures should be altered so as to deny bargaining rights to Communist-led unions in defense industries. The Atomic Energy Commission has already refused contracts to employers that bargained with the U. E. and the old United Public Workers. Its action was not wholly arbitrary, for it offered the unions a hearing. Benjamin Signal, counsel for the U. E., has made the interesting suggestion that tripartite boards be created, on which labor, management, and the public would be represented, and that these boards be empowered to hold hearings and make findings. If a union were found to be Communist-controlled, procurement agencies would be instructed not to issue contracts to employers on defense projects who bargained with it.

A third group maintains that legislation is needed to deprive all Communist-dominated unions of bargaining rights. Such unions would be treated as if they were company unions: to bargain with them, even though they were chosen by a majority of workers in a plant, would be an unfair labor practice.

The Humphrey subcommittee has already proved its usefulness. By taking the initiative it has assured that decisions about Communist-controlled unions will not be left, by default, to crackpots and reactionaries. It is approaching the problem carefully and apparently without preconceived notions. For a democracy to study whether its security is jeopardized by Communist leadership of key unions and what, within the limits of our Constitution, should be done for self-protection is not "red-baiting." We have recently been warned, however, that measures designed to safeguard individual rights may be distorted and turned into instruments of oppression. When President Truman set up his loyalty-security program in 1947, it was considered better for him to authorize a minimum program than for the Eightieth Congress to pass more drastic legislation. But the Truman program itself became steadily more severe, though it still did not satisfy the fanatics and fear-mongers.

The presence of Communists in trade unions gives rise to two separate problems. The first is that of Communist-control of the union. Presumably, the danger here is that Communist leaders might precipitate strikes and general labor unrest for political reasons. *En passant*, it might be pointed out that Communist labor leaders are not the only ones who have precipitated such strikes in the past. But in any case is it right, merely in anticipation of such danger, arbitrarily to discriminate against men who may have been democratically elected to positions of leadership?

The second problem is that of the ordinary union man who is a Communist. Actually, such a worker could well be in a position to do more harm than a union president; a lathe offers more opportunities for sabotage than a desk. Yet no liberal could support the thesis that

Communists as such should be barred from unions. That is not due process of law; it is due process of tyranny.

We should not be mealy-mouthed about serious issues. But Humphrey and his colleagues will have to work adroitly as well as honestly to get trustworthy estimates of the scale of the threat and the nature of wise counter-measures. And it will not be easy to keep the McCarthyites and McCarranites from stealing the show.

A Talk with Padilla Nervo

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

A LITTLE more than a year ago I contributed a brief sketch of Luis Padilla Nervo of Mexico to this journal.* Since then the prominent role he has played in the United Nations has made his name well known in this country. He presided over the last Assembly—one of the dullest and most unsatisfactory in the history of the organization—with recognized impartiality, and resolutely guided it through many difficulties. Before leaving Paris he consented to give me an exclusive interview on what the Sixth Assembly had accomplished. Not being one of those diplomats who believe the public should never be taken into their confidence, he spoke frankly and sincerely.

The day before our talk he had incurred the displeasure of some members of the United States delegation by receiving a committee of the Partisans of Peace, consisting of the former French Minister of Food, Yves Farge, who had just returned from Moscow, Pierre Cot, Pietro Nenni, Isabelle Blume, who had been expelled from the Belgian Socialist Party for joining the Partisans of Peace, and several others. The week before, however, delegates of the Eastern bloc had complained that he yielded too frequently to the pressure of the Americans. Assailed by both sides, the president of the Assembly is indubitably a person of independence.

He was much more pleased with the Sixth Assembly than I was. Nor was he simply defending his own record; he clearly believed that something had been done toward keeping the cold war from turning into a general shooting war. "At times," he said, "I have shared the disappointment others have felt, but I cling to one fact which seems to me of the greatest importance—the persistent desire of many delegations that the Big Four should get together to talk seriously about peace. In no other Assembly has this desire been so constant and strong. I have sensed its urgency not only as presiding officer of the Assembly but through unofficial contacts with the delegates. It has often influenced the voting."

I recall two examples of what Señor Padilla Nervo referred to. One was the vote on the American-British-French disarmament plan, when thirteen nations outside

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the Russian orbit declined to support a proposal which instead of conciliating might, they believed, increase the differences between the two blocs. Another was the refusal of twenty-four nations to vote for a provocative resolution citing Russia for alleged violation of its 1945 treaty with Nationalist China.

I asked him if he could tell me, now that the Assembly was over, what had gone on in the First Political Committee in its closed sessions on disarmament. Without hesitating, he replied: "I can tell you that I have never heard the representatives of the opposing blocs speak more frankly. It was really an impressive experience, and it is the basis of my hope that one day the Big Four can sit down around a table and get better results than they did at the long-drawn-out meetings in the Palais Rose."

I observed that his hope would be justified if the Americans were not so determined to convince people that nothing could be accomplished by talks with the Russians. Señor Padilla Nervo skilfully avoided an argument on this point, but he contributed an interesting comment. "During the week of secret talks I received the strong impression that with a little more time and effort real progress could have been registered. Even now there is no reason to despair. The Disarmament Commission offers opportunities for continuing the discussion. In an international crisis such as now exists the important thing is to have a channel of communication kept open. The composition of the commission also augurs well. In the Palais Rose the Big Four faced each other from stubbornly held positions. In the commission the representatives of other powers will be present and may be able to act as mediators. And it must not be forgotten that if the danger of a general war becomes more acute, the incentive to act before disaster strikes will be strengthened. With respect to Korea, I am glad the Assembly decided it might meet again in New York in the event an armistice was signed or even if an unexpected development threatened an extension of the conflict."

At the end he spoke again of the role of the smaller countries in the Assembly, praising the active part they had taken "in a number of debates in which they were not directly concerned, even at times when their own interest would have required them to keep silent." He mentioned specifically the demand for funds for backward areas which the small nations had pressed in the Economic and Social Committee and the support they had given to movements for self-government in colonial countries. "No," he concluded, "I do not admit that the Sixth Assembly was a failure."

CORRECTION: Owing to an error in transmission, it was stated in my last article that the person interviewed was a German. He was actually an official from a Western country who is an expert on German affairs.

Wire-Tapping: Supreme Court vs. FBI

BY ALAN F. WESTIN

ONE more flesh wound has been inflicted on the United States Department of Justice in its fifteen-year duel with the Supreme Court over federal wire-tapping. By a vote of eight to nothing—Justice Clark not participating—the court declined to review the decisions of the federal Courts of Appeals in New York and Washington, where the jury convictions of Judith Coplon for spying for the Soviet Union were reversed because of the prosecution's illegal use of wire-tapping and wire-tap evidence. The government has since announced that it will try Miss Coplon again—this time minus the wire-tap evidence.

From the start the Coplon case has been a disaster for the government. After the United States Attorney in the Washington District Court trial had vehemently denied any use of wire-tapping by the government, the District Court in New York found that fifty FBI agents had been tapping Miss Coplon's home and office telephones twenty-four hours a day and that a week before the Washington hearings the Bureau had ordered all wire-tap records destroyed "in view of the immediacy of her trial." On cross-examination in the New York trial Special Agent T. Scott Miller was forced to admit that he caused wire-tap records concerning Miss Coplon to be destroyed, thus contradicting his earlier testimony in Washington that he had no knowledge of such records. And at the very moment that these disclosures were embarrassing United States attorneys, it was revealed that the FBI was intercepting every telephone call between Miss Coplon and her lawyers and recording their conversations about evidence, witnesses, preparation of briefs, and trial strategy.

As criticism of these actions mounted, J. Edgar Hoover issued a public statement condemning the protests as based on "inaccurate information" and "half-truths." They were, he said, "so untrue and legally unsound" that he was "forced to conclude that they were motivated for the purpose of confusing the public." But Hoover was in too deep for his counter-attack to succeed. The *Washington Post* answered: "This assertion is astounding coming as it does from a man whose agents have lately been caught in a barefaced attempt to deceive a United States court about their wire-tapping activities." The *Post* was supported by the *Boston Herald*, the *New York Post*, the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, the

Des Moines Tribune, the *Chicago Sun-Times*, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, the *Cincinnati Post*, the *Paterson News*, and many other nationally prominent newspapers.

When the federal Court of Appeals in New York held that the use of evidence obtained by wire-tapping was illegal, and the appellate court in Washington ruled that the interception of conversations between Miss Coplon and her attorneys was a violation of her constitutional right to counsel, the government's defeat was drawing nearer. On January 28, 1952, a unanimous Supreme Court rejected the Solicitor General's petition for review and left the decisions of the Courts of Appeals in force.

But only the uninitiated will think this ends the controversy over wire-tapping. In reality, it has been simply another exchange of thrusts in a battle which has been going on since 1934. In that year Congress passed the Federal Communications Act, Section 605 of which declared that "no person not being authorized by the sender shall intercept any communication and divulge or publish the existence, contents, substance, purport, effect, or meaning of such intercepted communications to any person." In 1938, in *Nardone v. United States*, the Supreme Court held that the act forbade the interception of telephone communications by federal officers and barred testimony in federal courts as to the contents of intercepted messages. In the second *Nardone* case (1939) the court continued its enforcement of Section 605 by striking down the government's attempt to use evidence obtained by wire-tapping leads, and established a procedure by which defendants, before the trial, could question the government about the sources of its evidence. At the same term, in *Weiss v. United States*, the court majority forbade the interception of telephone calls within as well as between states, and rejected the use of consents obtained by pressure authorizing retroactively the government's wire-tapping.

However, "what looks like a stone wall to a layman is a triumphal arch to a lawyer," to quote the humorist Finley Peter Dunne. The Department of Justice attorneys, determined to evade the Supreme Court's rulings, made use of what a Senate investigating subcommittee branded in 1950 as "a strained and over-technical interpretation" of the Communications Act. Section 605, according to this view, does not forbid wire-tapping; it forbids only "divulgence" of wire-tap communications. And when it says these shall not be divulged "to any person," it means to anyone outside the federal govern-

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ment. Thus when FBI agents tap the line of Joshua Q. Citizen, make a wax recording and typewritten summaries of what they hear, turn these over to their office superior, who examines them and sends copies to Washington, where they are again examined and used in compiling dossiers or offered to Congressional committees and federal agencies, no intercepted communication has been divulged "to any person." Federal officials have no real existence for the purposes of Section 605.

UNDER this Pickwickian interpretation of the Communications Act, the federal government has engaged in wire-tapping at its pleasure. The "personal investigation summaries" offered in the Coplon case reveal extensive wire-tapping in "loyalty" cases. Mr. Hoover admitted to an appropriations committee in 1950 that he made 170 taps a day in security cases alone. It has been charged in the United Nations that the Federal Bureau of Investigation taps the telephones of foreign consulates and missions in the United States, as well as telephones on United Nations property. The Attorney General has stated publicly that he authorizes wire-tapping whenever, in his opinion, it is desirable.

Taking their cue from this top-level lawlessness, the Post Office Department, the Narcotics Bureau, the Alcohol Tax Unit, the Internal Revenue Bureau, the Customs Bureau, and the Department of the Interior have all used wire-tapping. In 1948 Representative W. Kingsland Macy, chairman of the House Subcommittee Investigating Questionable Trade Practices, authorized wire-tapping to uncover scarce-commodity deals. The Senate War Investigating Committee in 1947 tapped the telephone of Howard Hughes in connection with the "Flying Boat" scandals. President Truman's telephone was tapped at the direction of Senator Tobey during the recent Reconstruction Finance Corporation hearings. Senators Ferguson, Bailey, Mead, and Brewster have been wire-tap victims. Representative John Rankin told the Associated Press that wire-tapping was so widespread in Washington that he and his colleagues would not say over the telephone anything they did not want spread all over the capital.

When it became apparent that the Justice Department was not going to prosecute official violators of the Communications Act and related Supreme Court decisions, state officials began to show an equal disregard for the law. The Pennsylvania Ruth Committee used wire-tapping in its probe of the Philadelphia judiciary; the Governor of Rhode Island tapped the telephones of the Rhode Island Attorney General and the Mayor of Providence. California has a state anti-interception statute, but the Los Angeles police had gambler Mickey Cohen's new home wired from cellar to attic by the construction company.

Encouraged by the immunity of federal and state

officers, private telephone tappers are also busy. Testimony before a Senate committee investigating wire-tapping in 1940 revealed that one detective was employed for telephone monitoring by "anywhere from fifteen to twenty different law firms in New York City." A former expert of the New York City police was privately hired to tap the wires of Mayor William O'Dwyer, lesser functionaries at New York's City Hall, and eighty officials of other cities. Agencies like the Seaboard Bureau of Public Relations, the Investigators' Technical Service, and the O'Connell Detective Agency—euphemistically known as the Televoice Corporation of America—were found by the Congressional investigators to offer wire-tapping service in marital problems, labor espionage, and political dirt-gathering.

Among the victims of federal, state, or private wire-tappers have been Mrs. Pierpont Morgan, Harry Bridges, John L. Lewis, and General Harry Vaughan. There is evidence that the lines of Supreme Court justices were monitored during the TVA cases. Five investigators were hired by a group of dissident stockholders to listen in on their company management. One single tapped line reported conversations by the Brooklyn Law School, the Juilliard School of Music, the Mercantile National Bank, Western Union, and the Medical Bureau to Aid Spanish Democracy. A "private eye" testified that his tapping itinerary included "J. P. Morgan, John W. Davis, the Guaranty Trust Company, and the Amtorg Trading Company."

The catalogue of names reveals how vast and unobstructed is the wire-tapping industry in the United States today. The solution is to stop the practice at its source. Justice Brandeis observed in 1928: "Our government is the potent, omnipresent teacher. For good or ill, it teaches the whole people by its example. Crime is contagious. If the government becomes a law-breaker, it breeds contempt for law; it invites every man to become a law unto himself." As the Department of Justice has placed itself above the law, so have zealous district attorneys, investigating committees, county sheriffs, and private detectives. When the foremost enforcer of the law commits felonies, who would expect the citizen to be Simon-pure?

It is hoped, however, that the latest Supreme Court decision, coming on top of so many other prohibitions, will have an effect on the men in Washington. Perhaps they will be impressed by the difficulty in which they now find themselves with the Coplon prosecution. Perhaps they will read over Judge Sylvester Ryan's reminder to the FBI and the Attorney General in the Coplon trial:

Section 605 prohibiting wire-tapping . . . not only forbade such interception but rendered its contents inadmissible as evidence and made such divulgence of information so obtained a felony. . . . This is still the

law; it has not been repealed or modified, it contains no exemptions. . . . The fact that these interceptions were carried out under written authorization of the Attorney General imparts no sanctity to them; they remain unlawful and prohibited.

Actually, many citizens would be quite willing to have Section 605 revised to permit wire-tapping in closely classified cases under warrant safeguards and

judicial supervision. Wire-tapping can be a useful weapon in criminal detection, and law enforcers are understandably eager to employ every tool in their pursuit of crime. But any change must be made by Congressional action and not by the personal decisions of J. Edgar Hoover or J. Howard McGrath. The law today does not allow wire-tapping, and law enforcers must obey the law.

Britain's Secret Sterling Balances

BY ANDREW ROTH

London, February 8

WHY does Britain keep secret the sterling balances of its colonies, for example, Malaya? Is it because instead of Britain financing colonial development the colonies are in reality helping finance Britain, including the burdensome rearmament program? Are the colonies being compelled to pile up sterling balances to counteract the falling balances of India and Pakistan?

Sterling balances are, in effect, credits which Britain chalks up to sterling-area countries when it cannot pay for its needs in cash or exports. During World War II Britain accumulated over £3,500,000,000 in such obligations, more than £1,500,000,000 to India alone, promising to pay after the war. Since then India, Pakistan, Iraq, Egypt, and other sterling-area sovereign states have been able to use a substantial part of their earned credits. That the Labor government began to pay off these sterling-balance debts has been a great annoyance to Mr. Churchill, who favors scaling them down. He referred to the subject as follows in his speech to the United States Congress on January 17: "After the war . . . we accepted as normal debts nearly £4,000,000,000 sterling of claims by countries we had protected from invasion or had otherwise aided. The £1,000,000,000 we borrowed from you in 1946 and which we are now repaying was spent not on ourselves but mainly in helping others."

This was certainly not the view of the Indians and Pakistanis who were in London at the time for the conference of Commonwealth Finance Ministers. They felt that the 2,000,000 troops supplied by the subcontinent did as much to defend British interests as Britain did to defend theirs. And they declared that if the Labor government had agreed to Mr. Churchill's suggestion and repudiated its debts, both India and Pakistan would probably have withdrawn from the Commonwealth.

Britain's remaining colonies, particularly Malaya, now

appear to be taking India's place in financing British trade and rearmament. Of the approximately £4,500,000,000 at present owed in sterling balances, more than £1,000,000,000 is owed to the colonies, and it is rumored that more than £600,000,000 of this is credited to Malaya.

When I asked a Colonial Office spokesman last year the amount of Malaya's sterling balances, he pleaded ignorance and referred me to the Treasury. The Treasury spokesman rather testily declared that Britain, as the banker of the sterling area, could not disclose its clients' balances without their consent. He referred me back to the Colonial Office, where I found that some fairly senior officials had been unable to discover what credit balances the Malayan Federation and Singapore have been piling up. The deputy agent-general for Malaya, whose job is to represent Malaya's economic interests in London, admitted that he had himself tried in vain to obtain sterling-balance figures from the Treasury when he wanted to compare Malaya's earnings with those of other countries.

This year I made another attempt to get the facts and learned that while some persons in the Colonial Office *do* have them, they would need very special permission to release them for publication. My interest had been renewed by a striking article in the *Financial Times* of January 16 by Dr. W. Arthur Lewis, professor of political economy at Manchester University and a member of the government's Colonial Development Corporation. Dr. Lewis said bluntly: "Britain talks of colonial development, but on the contrary it is African and Malayan peasants who are putting capital into Britain . . . the British colonial system has become a major means of economic exploitation." He pointed out further that "many colonies must sell their produce to Britain at prices below the world price and, through exchange control, must buy from Britain at prices above the world price or pay an ever-increasing sum into the Bank of England [as sterling balances] because Britain will not deliver goods in return for what she receives." And he emphasized that "the sterling balances of the British

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colonies have increased steadily since the end of the war. They were £445,000,000 at the end of 1945 and £908,000,000 at the end of June, 1951. This is the only group of territories whose balance increases all the time. The balances of the dominions and of non-sterling-area countries fluctuate, on the whole in a downward direction; only the colonies have invested more every year in Britain."

In 1951 Malaya was permitted to import from the United States and Britain only about 40 per cent of what it exported to those countries. Its inability to use freely the currency it earns has set back badly its long-overdue development plans. In Singapore in the boom year of 1951 only a third of the housing planned was built. Less than a quarter of the sum budgeted for medical services was expended, and only eleven out of twenty-three projected government schools were built. Steel, cement, and other imported commodities were very scarce, but had Malaya been able to use its dollar earnings in bidding for them it probably would have got a much larger share.

In other words, Malaya is doubly exploited. In selling

its rubber and tin to the United States and using only one out of every six dollars thus earned, Malaya makes the largest dollar contribution to the sterling pool. It contributed \$415,000,000 in 1951. And it is not even permitted to get needed goods for the sterling equivalent of its dollar contribution.

During the election campaign Oliver Lyttelton, who did not then think he was going to become Colonial Secretary, scoffed at Labor's claim to have aided Britain's colonies through such paper projects as the Colombo Plan. The Labor government, he declared, had actually intensified exploitation of the colonies by compelling them to pile up sterling balances instead of supplying them with goods. Since entering the Cabinet he has dropped this theme. After all, if the Prime Minister complains that the Labor government should have welched on its debts to former colonies, Mr. Lyttelton can scarcely suggest that a Conservative government should generously refuse to allow its colonies to accumulate debts. Even at the present level of United States aid, it is only by such forced loans from its colonies that Britain can stay afloat economically.

Soviet Writing Today

BY ERNEST J. SIMMONS

ONE of the troubles with Soviet literature today is that it is the reflection of a revolution grown old and conservative against a backdrop painted in official bright, radical colors. The genuine fervor that inspired the early poetry and fiction with revolutionary idealism and the emergent sense of a world reborn has vanished. During the early 1920's the Soviet literary scene presented a striking contrast to that of today. Freedom—one might almost say a certain degree of anarchy—prevailed among writers. Numerous literary groups sprang up, each with its manifesto declaring a variety of artistic aims and ideological loyalties. Instead of dictator, the Communist Party played the role rather of referee in the major literary struggle of the time—that between the several left-wing proletarian groups which demanded hegemony, party sanction, and government support for the development of literature, and the right-wing and fellow-traveler groups which insisted upon creative freedom.

This position of the party in the matter of literary controls was no doubt connected both with the social and economic conditions of the country at the time and

with the struggle for power within the party. However, with the triumph of Stalin over Trotsky and the inauguration of the First Five-Year Plan in 1928, the party felt able to move farther in the direction of regimenting literature. And by 1932 the party boldly dissolved the powerful Russian Association of Proletarian Writers and various other literary groups and two years later set up one big organization of writers for the whole of the U. S. S. R.—the present Union of Soviet Writers. Dividing the opposition in order to conquer it is a familiar party tactic, but so also is the device of combining fractions into one large organization in order to control diverse activities more effectively. In a field so resistant to control as culture, this latter device is possible only when the party has great power, and by 1932 the party had reached that stage. Far from conferring more freedom upon writers, as was widely imagined at the time, the establishment of a single union made for more sweeping controls. There is good reason to suppose that Stalin played a personal role in this move.

From 1932 until the Nazi invasion of 1941 Soviet literature developed in an atmosphere of conformity to party dictates. In general, the party still preferred to remain behind the scenes, exercising its controlling influence largely through the medium of the party fraction in the Union of Soviet Writers. Some critical battles were

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fought out in the press during this period, but they were concerned mostly with the problem of how to adorn socialist realism with the trappings of Marxism, and such samovar tempests invariably took place within the bosom of the family, that is, under the aegis of the all-inclusive Union of Soviet Writers. In short, after 1932 critics were asserting in concert that only an author with a Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist world view could correctly portray life in the Soviet Union and abroad, and hence only literature written from this point of view could be considered real art. The Marxian interpretation of socialist realism ended in the closed and vicious circle of declaring that only the reality of socialism is real and that therefore everything hostile to socialism is unreal. Such a position was the logical outcome of party dictation, and its relation to the truth of art in literature is well summed up in a typical statement of one of the critics, M. Serebryansky, in 1938: "Artistic truth is the ability to tell everything necessary but to tell it correctly, that is, from a definite, Bolshevik point of view."

DURING the war, no doubt because of a shift in propaganda emphasis from the Communist Party to the unity and patriotism of the multi-national peoples of the Soviet Union, one could detect a relaxation of party controls over all the media of art and intellectual life. And at the end of the war a public report of the tenth plenum of the Executive Committee of the Union of Soviet Writers recorded frank expressions of hope by prominent authors that interference in the arts would be discontinued.

These hopes were blasted by the resolution of the Central Committee of the party on literature shortly after the war (August 14, 1946) and by the subsequent speech of the late Andrei Zhdanov, in which he not only plainly indicated what literature was considered anti-Soviet but also defined the kinds of books that ought to be written by post-war authors of belles-lettres. This resolution, as is now well known, touched off a vast frontal attack by the party on all aspects of Soviet artistic and intellectual life. In this period of "the gradual transition from socialism to communism," the shift in the ideological line must be understood as a reflection of the new post-war national and international policy of the party. In the "purification" drive that followed there were no doubt several objectives, but certainly one of them was the determination that all intellectual and artistic effort must be utterly subservient to party control and should have as one of its aims the exaltation of the Soviet Union and its accomplishments over the capitalist West and America.

Perhaps the most obvious feature of the interference in belles-lettres in the post-war period, as contrasted with the earlier ones, is the direct and openly declared domination of the party in the total direction of literary things. The party now demands that all writers adhere strictly to

the guiding principle of *partinost*—party spirit—which assumes an all-pervading organic connection between literature and politics. As one recent critic frankly put it, the writer can give a truthful and profound portrayal of reality in its revolutionary development only if he is guided by the policy of the Soviet state!

By now a formidable control apparatus has been developed in the Soviet Union to enable the party to carry out its declared intention of using literature for its own purposes. Since the whole manufacturing process of the printed word—paper, presses, publishing houses, distribution—is ultimately under government control, the party has an economic strangle-hold on the output and content of literature. The propaganda line that determines the broad direction of literary content is usually initiated in the Politburo and announced by the Central Committee in resolutions which have almost the force of law. The Propaganda and Agitation Department of the Central Committee has as one of its main duties to compel active observance of the ideological line in literature and to expose what it considers important deviations from it. From time to time it may also promulgate a new aspect or interpretation of the line or emphasize the need for special concentration on some theme. This is ordinarily done through inspired articles in *Pravda*, the *Literary Gazette*, or some other party organ.

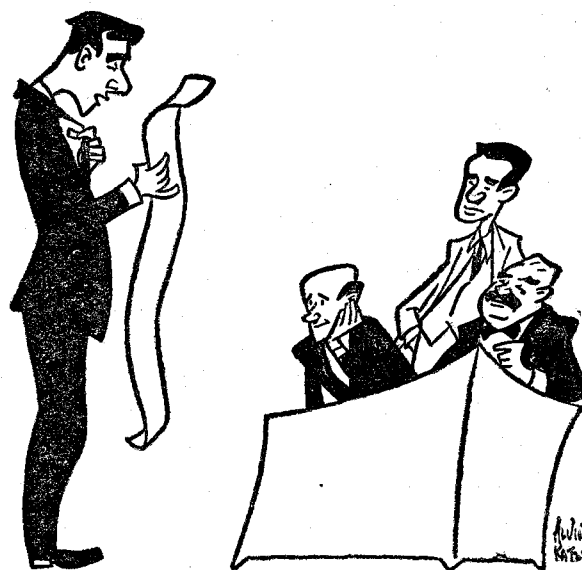
Lower down in the hierarchy of controls, though capable of bringing more immediate pressure to bear on authors, is the Union of Soviet Writers, which is divided into committees corresponding to the various branches of literature. Though Communists do not predominate in the membership of the union, they occupy most of the key posts and control it. Authors are encouraged to read their works in progress to the relevant committee of the union, and there the critical emphasis is on whether the writer has embodied in his work the true spirit of the party line. A further check takes place in the editorial offices of the so-called "thick" magazines, for the best literature, even novels as serials, appears first in these publications. Their editorial boards in turn are made up largely of Communists, and one of their principal functions is to pass on the ideological correctness of manuscripts submitted to them. The same is true of the editorial boards of the huge government book-publishing firms. Finally, all literary work that appears in print must receive the approval of the official government censorship office (*Glavlit*).

Should a literary work pass safely through this formidable array and be published with some undetected ideological impurity, which occasionally happens, it is almost certain to be pounced upon by reviewers—literary magazines as well as books are reviewed. And if there is any hesitation to review the work, which is sometimes the case, or if reviewers have failed to note and criticize ideological faults, an officially inspired state-

ment appears in the press to set matters right. This usually elicits recantation all around—from the author, officials of the Union of Soviet Writers, the editorial head of the responsible magazine or publishing house, the careless reviewer, and often from the editor of the publication in which the erring review appeared.

IT IS safe to say that few of the notable artistic works of Soviet literature of the past—and there have been some very fine ones—would be officially acceptable if offered for publication in this post-war period of tight regimentation. When they are occasionally reprinted, textual changes are introduced in order to bring them "up to date" ideologically. Even so recent a production as Simonov's war poetry, enormously popular and enthusiastically reviewed when first printed seven or eight years ago, was violently attacked a few months ago when reissued in a collected volume.

Thus literature in the Soviet Union since the war has necessarily been devoted largely to the greater glory of the Communist Party. If imaginative literature tends to exalt its subject as the most adequate mirror of life, Soviet literature today exalts it as a mirror of idealized Soviet life. In such recent fiction successes as V. Azhayev's "Far from Moscow," S. Babayevsky's "Light over the Land," V. Zakrutin's "Floating Station," G. Nikolayeva's "The Harvest," and A. Kozhevnikov's "Life-giving Water," real problems of Soviet daily living are dealt with, and often against carefully described backgrounds of village or town, of factory or huge construction effort. However, the psychological presentation of character is hopelessly stereotyped, plainly and tiresomely manufactured out of the whole cloth of official ideology. In the past, fiction reflected with varying degrees of faithfulness the central problem of Soviet life—the tragic struggle between the old and the new in the fierce effort to build a socialist society. Party motivation was nearly always present, but the reality of the abiding conflict was rarely sacrificed to Communist doctrine. The positive hero in this earlier fiction moved in an arena of activity that often had the authentic ring of real life, for the party had not yet found a formula of idealized life and was in no position to enforce one. Today the positive hero of fiction is nearly always a Communist, cast in the father-image of Stalin. He may have certain weaknesses, often the only element of dramatic conflict—impulsiveness, pride, a desire to abandon the collective and do everything himself, hostility to innovation, failure to educate a wife lacking his Bolshevik virtues. In the end, however, these weaknesses are always overcome by an application of stereotyped ideological remedies. Soviet literature today prides itself on portraying only average men and women, but it casts them in the official image of idealized positive Communist heroes and heroines.



The Union Committee Listens to a Work in Progress

Since fiction is sold in enormous quantities in the Soviet Union, one naturally wonders how the average Soviet citizen reacts to these "average" heroes and heroines and to the idealized life they lead. The present writer has been conducting a study of certain features of Soviet literature, through interviews and questionnaires, among Soviet D. P.'s here and abroad, some of them former members of the Writers' Union. The nearly uniform answer to the point mentioned above is that the average Soviet citizen reads between the lines of such novels and develops "an unusual virtuosity" in dismissing positive heroes as unreal and accepting the so-called negative characters, motivated by "bourgeois survivals," as the truly realistic portrayals.

It is almost too much to expect, however, that such virtuosity in interpretation should be very common among the masses of Soviet readers. Some allowance must be made for the effectiveness of the propaganda element in belles-lettres. Then, too, the unfailing success-story of novels and plays today, a socialistic variation of such endless Horatio Alger themes as are found in "Luck and Pluck," "Sink or Swim," "Survive or Perish," must serve psychologically as the wish-fulfilment of countless hard-pressed peasants on the cooperative farms and laborers in the factories. In its post-war development Soviet literature has become the perfect propaganda instrument, for it is presenting for popular consumption a series of consistent, idealized Communist heroes who—the party no doubt hopes—will stand in their personal lives, heroic actions, and unswerving loyalty to the regime as instructive models for the average Soviet citizen. It is through this negative sense of reality—the idealization of life which the party foists upon the public both as a reflection of Communist aspirations and as an opiate to minister to its discontent—that Soviet literature today can best serve the purpose of the social historian seeking to make use of it as evidence of Soviet life.

Harold Ross

A Professional Tribute

BY M. R. WERNER

ROSS, as he was called by everyone who knew him, on and off the *New Yorker*, seems to me to have made a great success in American journalism because he set definite limits to his scope and exhibited both integrity and ingenuity within those limits. I had the privilege of professional association with him for many years, beginning when he got out his prospectus for the *New Yorker* and ending only with his death. I never knew him intimately as a friend, but I developed higher respect for him as an editor than I have felt for any other editor in the United States.

Anybody who worked for Ross was bound from time to time to be exasperated. He worried a great deal about ideas and the words in which to put them, and in that way he was like his writers. Sometimes he did not "get" what one was trying to do. Sometimes he seemed to want to alter too drastically the way it was done. But for all his expletives, Harold Ross was a reasonable, and therefore tolerant, man. When he was wrong, you could usually convince him, for he was completely without arrogance, unlike many editors and other entrepreneurs. Once you had convinced him you could accomplish something with him—never unless you had.

Ross was a profoundly serious man. He often grinned, and I daresay his intimate friends heard him laugh; I never did. One of the limitations he accepted for himself and his enterprise at the outset was that it would never even pretend to have the whole answer for any problem. When in doubt he preferred to shy away from a subject. Once when we had a rousing argument about a piece with political implications, he said to me: "We don't want to get serious, Werner," meaning the magazine. That was an illusion of his. He thought originally that he was going to run a "comic" magazine. By the art of improvisation, which was one of Ross's greatest gifts, the *New Yorker* turned into the magazine that had more effect than any other ever published in the United States, not only on American manners, but also on the ingrained habits and worn-out customs of other editors.

Sloppy reporting gave Harold Ross nightmares, and muddy language made him profane. His comments on the margins of proof, of which much has been said since his death, were valuable and at times hilariously funny. He was often wrong in those comments, but he was never neglectful, and he must have, more often than not, saved his magazine serious errors by them. He

was death on truisms, and he had a rage for accuracy. He much admired felicity.

Ross would have shuddered if he had ever "set the world on fire" with the *New Yorker*. Crusading he preferred to leave to men much more sure of themselves. And yet Ross and many of the men in and out of his office to whom he gave opportunity and whose work he influenced have had a profound effect on the development of American decency.

It usually takes a maniacal streak, or, if you prefer, a touch of genius, to become a great editor in the United States, and in that sense Ross qualified, along with Horace Greeley, both James Gordon Bennetts, the elder Joseph Pulitzer, E. W. Scripps, and Joseph M. Patterson. Many editors have tried to copy Ross, but none have succeeded, partly because the effort was half-hearted and partly because none of them had the *New Yorker's* relatively limited but generally sophisticated audience.

Ross's audience enabled him to escape the domination of big advertisers. So many people with perfumes, clothing, books, jewelry, music, liquor, and vacations to sell needed the *New Yorker* more than it needed them that the magazine's writers and artists never had to look over their shoulder as they wrote or drew what pleased them. No church or political party has ever had any influence on the *New Yorker*, although no doubt the customary attempts, mild or angry, have been made.

Through the efforts of Harold Ross and the men he had the good judgment to use and appreciate, the *New Yorker* has originated more devices for expressing human events and characteristics than any other journal ever published in the United States—or perhaps elsewhere. Ross realized the simple fact that the man who was reporting was vital to what he was reporting, even though it was important that he should not distort his subject matter by an ill-grounded bias. The greatest tribute that could be paid to Ross and his magazine is that readers are quick to complain when they think an issue is not as expert as they have become accustomed to expect. No one sees any difference between one issue of *Collier's* or *Newsweek*, for example, and another.

Since Harold Ross died at the age of fifty-nine, there has been much speculation about whether the *New Yorker* can go on long without him. My guess is that it will—unless it should sometime bow to pressure, financial or intellectual, as he would never have done.



Harold Ross

M. R. WERNER is the author of biographies of Barnum and Brigham Young.

BOOKS and the ARTS

THE WRITER'S DILEMMA IN BRITAIN

BY VINCENT BROME

IT IS curious how many successful authors make austere pronouncements about the value of hardship to young writers. Dos Passos joined the tradition some time ago: "Young writers who believe in themselves should be willing to starve in a garret once more." I have no idea whether Dos Passos graduated to his present distinguished old age through a garret, but I wonder whether anyone undergoing starvation in a garret at the moment would say that it was a prerequisite of creative writing. Hardship recollected is usually romanticized. From the comfort of the high places the discomfort of the low becomes the splendid condition of any "fundamental writing."

Yet in a world where human beings are struggling to get away from nature in the raw—which tended to make them a pretty sorry lot—why hold the writer fast in his own private jungle? Ideally, in a sensitive democracy the novelist, dramatist, or poet would tend to find his own level, and if the toughness of the breed did not vary drastically, the rest of this article would be pointless; but it does vary.

Men of the caliber of Shakespeare, Tolstoy, and Melville will continue to make themselves felt against the worst adversity. Men of genius, even men of tremendous talent, are rarely overwhelmed by environment. It is the writer of considerable talent, enjoying his own peculiar vision but not completely possessed by it and lacking the spiritual toughness to survive interminable frustrations, who finds the present state of publishing—periodical and book—so difficult in Britain.

The word understates the situation for many young and serious writers. Suffocating would be better. Time was in Britain when serious writers could earn a reasonable living from literary journalism and produce their books in between articles and stories. Now literary journalism is virtually extinguished.

With the death of *Horizon* and *New Writing*, those two fiercely contested remnants of a literary heritage dating back to the *Edinburgh Review*, the scene was left desolate. Reviews remain, of course, like the *Cornhill* and the *Fortnightly*, but neither is literary in the sense that *Horizon* was. *Scrutiny* does not offer much scope to young writers, and the *Times Literary Supplement* takes us into the world of reviewing.

Once a second means of sustenance, reviewing is now very limited, largely because of the cost of paper, and is often so poorly paid that those who have any truck with it are looked upon as literary hacks. Not so long ago papers like the *Daily Chronicle* carried long reviews of books every other day and paid reasonable rates for them. Now half a dozen books are lumped together into a thousand words once a week, and one man lives by it instead of four.

The short-story field is no happier. The market for serious work hardly exists. Even the "popular" short-story magazines have collapsed; the *Argosy* alone survives. And now in the last year the elasticity has gone out of British book publishing too. What with no short-story magazines, defunct literary periodicals, and publishers so aware of imminent crisis that they eye every promising newcomer with fresh skepticism unless he has the attributes of Shakespeare, a best-seller, or both, the word "suffocating" does indeed seem justified.

One small glimmer appears on the horizon. The BBC Third Program has given John Lehmann one hour a month to produce a miscellany of new writing, and in one sense this may go some way toward filling the gap created by the death of *Penguin New Writing*. The Third Program apart, what is a fledgling writer to do? Retire to his garret and feed on his own fine sentences? The caloric value of inspiration is not very high, but it is said that inspiration of

the right intensity will sustain vitality in something approaching a corpse. There is only one objection to this. Garrets at ten shillings a week which once sheltered colonies of bohemians in London's Greenwich Village are now three and four times that much, and can no longer serve as the cherished seat of inspiration for the impoverished. More or less vanished, too, is the way of life in which one pound a week kept a writer at least alive in the center of London, while he rose at noon, consumed inordinate quantities of sausages and mashed, drifted industriously from coffee to coffee, and somehow contrived to write. The economics of survival have been revolutionized under inflationary pressures. Three pounds would be nearer the mark today.

IF NOT the garret, what then? In the familiar scale of possible ways of life conjured up by the inartistic for the benefit of writers and their like, the part-time job ranks high. Those who feel that the arts and writing are trivial excrescences on the reality of living would like to see every writer a spare-time writer and they hint at the health-giving life of the mines: the two-way tradition, a very high one, made Fielding a police magistrate, Trollope a post-office official, and—serenest reach of all—Spinoza a lens polisher. In modern times the British civil service has nourished big and small talent, but the civil service, like Bohemia, has changed its character since the war, and the easy ten-to-four day has given place to an exhausting forty-five-hour week. But if the casual ways of the civil service have changed, and the Humbert Woolfs might be hard put to find time for their poetry, the part-time job which sustains life and energy enough for creative work has also suffered serious curtailment. As society has become more and more intensely organized and efficiency has undermined Bohemia itself, part-time jobs have either been swept away

THE VICTIMS

They walk towards us willingly and gently,
Unblemished, the white kid, the calf,
Their new-born coats scarcely dry from the amniotic waters.
Each hair lies in its new place, ripple-marked
By the rhythms of growth, the tides
That washed them up onto the shores of time.

Their young eyes, unsurprised, look towards us.
We see them stand, beautiful on spring grass,
And know that the upgathered perfect form must pass,
Those intricate knots of ganglia and veins,
The rhythmic heartbeat, and the breath of life.
We first receive their wounding in our hearts
With all the inexpressible guilt of love,
For the first worshiping touch of our tragic hands must soil
And trouble the unconscious unicorn
That does not even know it stands on earth.
We offer them bunches of buttercups and young grass
With all the inexpressible love of guilt.
We give, even as we look,
The first wound of sacrifice.

KATHLEEN RAINÉ

or have evolved into what is called casual labor, a form of activity constantly threatened with cessation. Ask famous writers today what part-time job they covet and they tend to retire into a world of fantasy. "I would like to be a station master on a small country branch line (single track)," says John Betjeman. "A rich wife," says Cyril Connolly. C. Day Lewis is more down to earth: "For the novelist who needs a wide range and diversity of personal contacts, medicine, the law, or commercial traveling. . . ."

As for patrons, the last went out with the nineteenth century. So the patron is dead, publishers less inclined to take risks with new writers, secondary jobs more productive of frustration than inspiration, and the state—the very word rings like a knell. The state and writing seem natural enemies.

There is nothing for it but to return to the starting point and write, starvation or not. But even then what happens in Britain? A man may spend nine months writing a novel and never get it published. Or he may have the novel accepted six months after writing it, and receive £100 advance royalties. Another year elapses, and the book appears. Some time in the following year he may receive another £100—for a year's work £200, considerably less than his typist is paid. And he is far less fortunate than

his typist, for the £200 is paid over two and a half years not one year. If he is among the fortunate, the £200 becomes £500, and whenever a star appears in the East one novel comes out of the ruck and achieves four figures.

[*This is the sequel to two earlier articles by Mr. Brome, in The Nation of December 1 and January 12. The first was devoted to book publishing, the second to periodicals and the press.*]

Cabell's Brief Hour

QUIET PLEASE. By James Branch Cabell. University of Florida Press. Distributed by Farrar, Straus and Young. \$3.

JAMES BRANCH CABELL had published unread books for fifteen years when he woke one morning in 1919 to find that "Jurgen" had made him famous. It was, or at least it appeared to be, no mere success of scandal. Magazines and newspapers which had scarcely been aware of his existence broke out in a flood of articles critical and informatory. His earlier novels were reissued, finally in an eighteen-volume collected edition, and the textbooks enshrined him as a classic. A few succeeding books sold on his notoriety, but it was not very long before his works were again falling from the presses al-

most as soundlessly as before. In "The Literary History of the American People," published four years ago, Henry Seidel Canby devotes to Cabell a few sympathetic pages, but so far as the publishing trade, the general reader, or the present-day intellectual is concerned, he no longer exists. The only comparable recent example of a writer who rose so high like a rocket and fell unnoticed like its stick is the late Edgar Lee Masters. Yet "The Spoon River Anthology" is not so nearly forgotten as "Jurgen."

Cabell's fate was a cruel one because few things can seem so utterly lost as fame, and the once famous can take little satisfaction in saying, "I have had my hour," since an hour of fame may be no fame at all. It would be interesting to know how the victim of such a fate feels about it, and—though I am by no means certain its author would accept the statement—this is, in a way, the subject of "Quiet Please." I say "in a way," because Mr. Cabell discusses many things, including the origins of his books and his present way of life at seventy in St. Augustine, Florida. Moreover, he has by no means simplified a style full of strangely displaced phrases—for example, "To the contrary, there, almost always, I believe, is a certain smugness," etc.—which sometimes achieves an elaborate neatness and sometimes descends to the level of a schoolmaster's jocose involutions. But what he actually does say about his career may be reduced in simple words to something like this: He has always enjoyed writing, even books which did not sell, even books which he never intended to publish. Yet he has never been able to write anything except the particular thing which at that moment he wanted to write. He despises the esteemed writers of today, he can read with pleasure very few of those of the past who once delighted him, and he found his hour of fame distressing because of vulgarities incidental to it which he could not wholly avoid. Yet he has had, in a way, a satisfactory life, partly because the amatory adventures attributed to the characters in his fiction were not always based upon pure fancy. And he still holds that wisdom prescribes a contempt for the ways of the world together with a willingness to adjust oneself to them when the cost is not too great.

It is obvious that as a man of letters Mr. Cabell cannot possibly have been as important as he was once proclaimed and be as inconsequential as he is now usually thought. On the other hand, there is no use in arguing the safe contention that the eye of eternity will see him as worthy of less admiration than the twenties accorded but of more than the fifties are willing to grant. But perhaps it is worth while to point out that if the erotic naughtiness of "Jurgen" was precisely what a brief moment wanted, everything which he now has to offer consists of things which the spirit of the age resolutely wants none of, and that, consequently, even if he were as good as his admirers once thought, excellence would not win him much esteem. Anatole France had been longer famous when a generation definitively rejected him, but he is hardly less likely to be praised as once he was. An esteemed writer today may be direct or he may be devious, but he may not be mannered in that particular way. He may be utterly pessimistic concerning the past, present, and future or he may be utopian. But he cannot say, as Mr. Cabell and Anatole France both said, that human life is not very satisfactory, that it will never be any different, but that, nevertheless, "it will do."

In "Quiet Please" Mr. Cabell is still trying to find acceptable ways of saying just that. But he is probably not unaware of the fact that, at the present moment, there is no way of saying it that is likely to prove widely acceptable.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Faith of a Liberal

NEW HOPES FOR A CHANGING WORLD. By Bertrand Russell. Simon and Schuster. \$3.

A TRADITIONAL office of philosophy is to provide a critique of prevailing tendencies and values, to portray a way of life that can redirect human energies from unworthy to ennobling pursuits, and to supply a perspective within which personal and public adversity may be faced with resolute courage. This moral role of philosophy has always been of intimate concern to Bertrand Russell, even in that long period of his life when he was most actively engaged in those abstract and seemingly remote logical analyses which

assure him a permanent place in the history of thought. He has repeatedly expressed his high esteem for the practical guidance and exemplary fortitude that books like Boethius's "The Consolations of Philosophy" contain; and in a long series of essays and volumes, beginning with his famous "A Free Man's Worship" down to his latest book, he has given overt proof of profound preoccupation with central moral and social issues. His explicit objective in the present volume is to outline a liberal faith for the modern world and to generate a creative hope in the realization of the ideal constituting that faith. For he believes it is the absence of such an ideal which is largely responsible for the sorry predicaments of our time; but he is also convinced that the grave dangers confronting us cannot be surmounted as long as fear dominates our thought and paralyzes remedial action. He rejects as incompatible with the most warranted conclusions of critical thought the "two great systems of dogma lying in wait for the modern man when his spirit is weary"—the systems of Rome and of Moscow. He maintains that when men are liberated from the primeval terrors they acquired in the jungle and acquire instead the spontaneous belief that their happiness depends upon harmony with other men, then "not only their personal problems but all the problems of world politics, even the most abstruse and difficult, would melt away." He therefore proposes with all the arts of persuasion at his command an ethic of "encouragement and opportunity for all the impulses that are creative and expansive," an ethic which will "let the imprisoned demons escape and the beauty of the world take possession."

Mr. Russell states his hopes for a better world with moving eloquence, and against a background of a synoptic world history in which he examines the achievements and follies of men with characteristic insight and ironic wit. He distinguishes three major types of conflict which have marked the evolution of mankind: the conflicts between man and nature, between man and man, and between man and himself. Modern science and technology supply the means for a limited but sufficient mastery of nature, and only the persistence of obsolete moral and political ideas stands in the way of assuring the material conditions

for a good life to all men. But this mastery is made practically ineffective in many parts of the world by a disastrous over-population. Indeed, Mr. Russell is inclined to hold that the habit of a low birth rate is the most important value Western civilization has to offer to mankind at large; and there is perhaps no single thesis he affirms so emphatically as his conviction that unless human fertility is artificially controlled in what are now the underprivileged areas of the world, all of us are in mortal danger of being swallowed up in a new flood of ignorance, destitution, and war.

It is in the struggle for food and

FABLE

Fire-drunk, winged Icarus
Essayed taut, gull-wheeling space
To time his pulse by a god's smile.
Alas, its music burned away

In gales and altitudes of light!
Struck, the wax wings fell like snow,
Gently, where blinded Icarus
Saw self, a stone's will, tear the sea.

STEPHEN STEPHANCHEV



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February 23, 1952

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other primary necessities of life that Mr. Russell finds the main cause for the wars of history, for the development of moral codes, and for the changes in modes of social organization. This struggle still continues, though according to him needlessly and in consequence of the incongruity between our outworn political and economic ideas on the one hand and the actual physical and economic unity of the world on the other. The sole alternative to this suicidal conflict is some form of effective world government. But Mr. Russell appears to be unclear in his own mind as to how such a government can be realized. He suggests at times that a peaceful surrender of national sovereignty can be achieved by mutual agreement; and yet he also declares at other times that international order will replace international anarchy only when the victors of another world war impose a modern equivalent of the Pax Romana upon the entire globe. He exhibits a similar indecision in his comments on the present struggle between Communist Russia and the West. He argues that these social systems embody incompatible conceptions of life and that therefore a fatal conflict of arms between them can hardly be avoided; however, he also claims that but for the occurrence of mutual suspicions engendered by irrational but eliminable fears the two systems can coexist peaceably. In any event, it is clear that Mr. Russell is not a starry-eyed optimist, and his view of the immediate future is on the whole grim though not despairing. But like the rest of us, he sometimes engages in what certainly appears like whistling in the dark.

Mr. Russell's conception of the good life is an essentially pluralistic one, and he is generous and sensitive to the variety and range of human capacities. He foresees an endlessly bright future for mankind, if only we can be persuaded to surrender our "fear morality" of guilt and sin, and to adopt an outlook which is favorable to the maximum exercise of our disciplined powers. In his frankly worldly attitude toward the sources and rewards of the moral life, in his passionate distaste for all mystery mongering, in his serene confidence in the possibility of human progress through rational effort, Mr. Russell thus shows himself to be an eloquent spokes-

man for some of the dominant features of the philosophy of the French Enlightenment. Indeed, there is a distinctive eighteenth-century air about his use of purely psychological explanations in interpreting socio-historical changes, though it is not always evident whether he is entirely serious in adopting such psychological categories. There is also some ground for questioning his neo-Malthusian views. Undoubtedly there is much substance in his warnings against the dangers of over-population; his discussion nevertheless sometimes suggests that there is an optimal maximum population size, independent of the state of technology and mode of social organization—an assumption that is highly debatable, to say the least. But despite such reservations concerning many links in his argument, Mr. Russell has written a stimulating and inspiring book. It is a sermon on the life of man, which articulates without unction and with insight a noble vision of human excellence. It achieves what Mr. Russell set out to do, for it makes attractive to both mind and heart the faith underlying a liberal social philosophy.

ERNEST NAGEL

Form and Feeling

THE SEVEN-LEAGUE CRUTCHES.

By Randall Jarrell. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.75.

THIS volume is divided into three sections called Europe, Children, and Once Upon a Time. The poems in the first section seem for the most part to revolve around some experience in Austria which has great significance for the poet. They are full of a poignant, nostalgic Austrian atmosphere:

At the path out into the wood, a deer
Stood with stars in the branches of its
antlers.

This is beautiful, and there is a good deal like this. But when the poet gets close to the center of his experience, the effect tends to become blurred:

I saw, in your eyes beside my eyes,
A gaze pure, yearning, unappeasable.

The poems seek the rhythm of the speaking voice, and in this there is something very personal about Mr. Jarrell's utterance. His is the voice which knows pity and despair. At present it seems a little submerged by a mixture of

grief and overwhelming but rather fragmentary European impressions.

Perhaps the most successful of these long poems is one about another poet, Tristan Corbière. It is as though the feeling Mr. Jarrell has for Corbière's poetry had heightened the tone of his own utterance, which tends to become a little monotonous in the poems of pure sentiment.

Mr. Jarrell is one of the most interesting poets living, and one of the most alert critical intelligences. He is also a difficult and even baffling poet. Difficult, not because his poems are obscure, but because he combines an extreme critical self-consciousness with a certain naivete of feeling and occasional fumbling of technique. At least, I think this is the case, though his occasional lapses are so surprising that I am left wondering whether they are intended to achieve some effect which I have failed to follow. For example, a poem called *The Island* begins with the confident rhythm:

While sun and sea—and I, and I—
Were warped through summer on our
spar,
I guessed beside the fin, the gull,
And Europe ebbing like a sail
A life indifferent as a star.

The meter continues like this for three stanzas and then in the fourth stanza breaks into

Frosted or salted with its curling smile
The printless hachures of the sand . . .
I lay with you, Europe, in a net of snows:
And all my trolls—their noses flattened
into Lapps'
Against the thin horn of my windows—
wept:

However often I read it, the line "And all my trolls—their noses flattened into Lapps'" spells for me the breakdown of the poem. To say this, in connection with a poet who considers his effects so carefully, may show my own obtuseness. I have to leave it to the reader.

This volume seems to me to represent what is perhaps a transitional state of development. I draw attention to a lapse because I think that such defects are characteristic of an experimental stage while Mr. Jarrell is moving forward to a new and simpler narrative style of writing in which he will succeed very powerfully. There are—to my mind—lapses in feeling as well as in technique. The heavily larded, over-simple German introduced into the poems about Austria

Slave looks like a chromolithograph), often misleading (the big Courbet at Smith College is blue-green instead of a pervasively sober limestone-gray), and sometimes shockingly bad (where are the springtime greens in Manet's *Déjeuner sur l'herbe*, where the Delft blues and slate grays of the *Déjeuner dans l'atelier*?). The deep olive ground of the Fifer Boy is here bleached to a pale putty, and the top and bottom so badly chopped as to destroy the relation between the figure and its inclosing rectangle. Many of the plates are good, but the unsuspecting reader may be trapped into thinking the quality is consistently so.

It is a relief to turn from the vulgar color plate of Degas' *Café Concert aux Ambassadeurs* in the Skira volume (page 120) to that on page 73 in Rich's admirable study of Degas: here the subdued beauty of Degas' tonalities are properly echoed. On the whole the fifty color plates are acceptable, even good. The chief complaint must be that the dusty texture of pastel cannot be caught in the mirror surfaces of glossy paper.

While Rich's study is necessarily general, it takes the reader far into Degas' life and art. It penetrates the grim façade of the first to the veiled splendor of the second. It is a readable and gracious account, and it surpasses many books on Degas in following him into the later years, in the time of his failing eyesight, when he gradually developed a new pictorial language, decreasingly dependent on the precision of Ingres and the early Italian masters, and more and more sympathetic to the sonorities of Delacroix and the Venetians. The reader will find an honest critical guide in the director of the Chicago Art Institute, and he may be confident that he has seen and learned the best in Degas.

In the analysis of certain pictures I could wish for more attention to the "empty" shapes between solid objects. Degas projects the bird-like grace of some of the dancers and the swift torsion of one of the nude bathers as much by the shapes surrounding the figure as by the outlines of the figure itself. In his accent on elegance Degas often chose forms with very acute angles: hence the many umbrellas. But there are many invisible umbrellas in Degas to reward the persistent observer.

S. LANE FAISON, JR.

Mr. Jefferson

THE PAPERS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. Volume I: 1760-1776. Edited by Julian P. Boyd; Lyman H. Butterfield and Mina R. Bryan, Associate Editors. Princeton University Press. \$10.

JEFFERSON AND HIS TIME. Volume II: **JEFFERSON AND THE RIGHTS OF MAN.** By Dumas Malone. Little, Brown and Company. \$6.

THOMAS JEFFERSON: A BIOGRAPHY. By Nathan Schachner. Appleton-Century-Crofts. Two Volumes. \$12.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, it is said from time to time, still survives. That classic remark has sometimes been an expression of hope rather than a self-evident truth, but it has proved to be an enduring and dynamic hope. One might even venture to call it the American faith, for it was Jefferson who dreamed the American dream and formulated the American creed. He survives because, over and above his statesmanship and other achievements, his vision of an ideal United States has

made him the first and most telling critic of the reality. Ever since the Continental Congress cut from the Declaration of Independence his angry denunciation of black slavery, he has been a kind of national conscience. We might put him to additional uses—his significance is not to be comprehended in a few sentences—but so far we have made only a beginning.

Almost a generation ago, in the aspiring early years of the Wilson Administration, interest in Jefferson began to revive. Instead of flickering out, as such movements usually do, it has continued with increasing strength, and one may speak of it without exaggeration as a Jefferson renaissance. It is now approaching its first culmination with the publication of the "Papers of Thomas Jefferson" and of biographies more ambitious and inclusive than any since Henry S. Randall's of 1857. Randall's work was done in the great decade of American literature and is worthy of it, but it does not satisfy the needs of our time.

A biographer of Jefferson, like an actor called on to play Falstaff, knows

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in advance that more will be demanded of him by his audience than mortality can deliver. Until the life-span of a sedentary scholar is extended considerably, there will be no "definitive" biography: that is, one that undertakes to say everything worth saying, answer all questions, allay all controversies, and do it all in just the right way. Partial studies, disclaiming completeness or finality, are the rule and must remain so until the great enterprise in progress at Princeton is nearer its goal.

Within certain manageable limits Dumas Malone seems destined to approximate the ideal. "Jefferson and His Time" began handsomely in 1948 with a first volume subtitled "Jefferson the Virginian," and the second volume, "Jefferson and the Rights of Man," covering the years in Europe and the first three in Washington's Cabinet, is even better. The biography expands as it advances, despite various signs, already apparent in the previous instalment, that Professor Malone was having to compress his materials more than he had anticipated. Even so, the four volumes originally announced have proved insufficient; the completed work will extend to at least five.

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"Jefferson and His Time" is, generally speaking, a political biography, with other aspects of Jefferson's career subordinated though by no means neglected. Mr. Malone is well aware of them, and his understanding of Jefferson is deepened by his appreciation of their significance for the interpretation of Jefferson's ultimate purposes, which were not confined to the realm of politics.

Mr. Malone is equal to his theme at all points, but he is at his best where the progress is roughest and there is most need for his rigorous historical technique and delicate insight into the workings of Jefferson's mind. From the time when Jefferson entered on his duties as Secretary of State, he is enveloped in the smoke and fog of partisan controversy, through which students have groped uncertainly. Mr. Malone penetrates the smog as an infra-red ray. Since historical facts are hardly separable from the values attached to them, the acrimonious old debate will doubtless continue, but here is the clearest, most searching account of the matter yet written. Its continuation will be awaited eagerly.

My general observation about the state of Jefferson's biography should be remembered in judging Mr. Schachner's closely printed, well-filled volumes. His work has been in preparation over a period of twenty years—laborious years, it is quite evident—during which he has also produced able, rather controversial studies, on the whole the best so far published, of Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton. His masterpiece is also controversial, but the controversy should not obscure its merits.

With the possible exception of the ever useful Randall, who wrote while Jefferson's personal archive was still preserved intact, it is the most inclusive collection of information about every aspect and period of Jefferson's life that has ever been worked up into a biography. An astonishing amount of it has been collected from unprinted sources, the harvest of Mr. Schachner's independent, wide-ranging study of the basic materials for Jefferson's life. This feature alone would insure a long period of usefulness for this biography, which is highly readable and generally well documented.

Mr. Schachner has not contributed as much to our understanding of his subject. His admirable collection of infor-

mation about the man has been imperfectly transformed into knowledge of him. For the most part he writes, to put it succinctly, in the spirit of Montaigne. Although such an attitude has excellent biographical uses, it is not the best way of looking at Jefferson: some underestimation of his stature becomes inevitable. Even this attitude is not maintained steadily, for at times he lapses into harsh judgments and a willingness to believe the worst about Jefferson. These lapses, though unfortunate, are not characteristic of the biography as a whole; it clears Jefferson of many a long-standing and sometimes plausible charge. What one misses is that firm grasp of Jefferson's underlying character that would have warned his biographer when he was on treacherous ground.

"The Papers of Thomas Jefferson," publication of which began in May of 1950 and has proceeded at a steady pace, is the most elaborate and significant edition of an American writer ever undertaken, and it is the one most needed. The publisher states that "no previous edition has included more than 15 per cent of the total, and only about a fifth of the documents included in this edition have ever been published anywhere." If these unpublished documents—to locate them the five continents have been explored—were of interest only to a company of historians and their pupils, one could bridle one's enthusiasm. But Jefferson is, or should be, a precious part of our cultural heritage. Because of the occasional nature of his writings it is necessary to sift them all and, in Nietzsche's meaningful words, "to read him philologically" in order to understand the man and the nature and course of his thinking. Such sound work as has been done in Jeffersonian studies has been accomplished under heavy difficulties.

There are compensations in having had to wait so long for an authoritative edition. The art of the historical editor has attained a clear understanding of its function and has instruments for its use unavailable not so many years ago. Nor could such an edition, monumental in the best sense, be executed, or even planned, until an auspicious intellectual climate had formed. The old view of Jefferson as a statesman, law-giver, and party founder with an amusing string of foibles and recreations had to yield to a

more spacious conception of his significance. The new understanding of Jefferson finds its expression in Mr. Boyd's General View of the Work prefixed to Volume I, and that understanding pervades the entire work. Consummate editorial skill is united with sympathy with every least detail of Jefferson's thought and activities. The result could not be happier. Few writers have been so well presented to a world that needs them.

GEORGE GENZMER

Books in Brief

UNAMBO. A Novel of the War in Israel. By Max Brod. Translated by Ludwig Lewisohn. Farrar, Straus and Young. \$3. The newest addition to the growing library of novels about Israel's war of independence was apparently written in the midst of the struggle by the Israeli man of letters who seems fated to be remembered primarily as Kafka's friend and literary executor. The stirring events are seen through the double vision of a sensitive film director who, by means of a supernatural gadget—Unambo—given him by the devil, leads simultaneously a positive existence fighting for the new state and a negative one consorting with black-marketeers and a shady movie actress. Despite an intriguing portrait of the actress and some good battle scenes, Mr. Brod's new novel is muddy, weakly constructed, and in the main unsuccessful as an analysis of the clash of good and evil at a critical point in recent history.

LONDON LADIES. TRUE TALES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By Lucy Poate Stebbins. Columbia University Press. \$3. Brief lively sketches of six ladies, all except Jane Carlyle of the eighteenth century and all except the same lady among the not too well known. They include the amiable and talented Martha Ray who comforted the life of her lover, Lord Sandwich, until she was shot down on the street by a love-crazy divinity student; the beautiful but chilly Elizabeth Inchbald who came to London from a farm to scribble farces and translate the sensational plays of Kotzebue; and the tragic daughters of Mrs. Siddons, both loved by the painter Lawrence, whom the younger could never marry because of a death-bed promise extracted by the

elder. Mrs. Stebbins, best known for her previous book on the Trollope family, writes briskly and skims the cream of picturesque and dramatic incident from her wide reading. There is no attempt at great profundity, psychological or otherwise, but there is a good deal that is genuinely entertaining.

Drama

JOSEPH
WOOD
KRUTCH

THAT old saying about two planks and a passion is receiving its ultimate illustration during the present season. It seemed astonishing enough that the First Drama Quartet could fill a theater, but the Quartet's production was lavish compared with the "Readings from Dickens" which Emlyn Williams is offering—all by himself—at the Coronet Theater. Moreover, the whole thing has reached the proportions of a Trend. Cornelia Otis Skinner is scheduled to appear soon in a one-woman drama, and Mr. Laughton is to offer readings from assorted classics. Before long those two-character dramas which occasionally appear will seem positively cluttered, and some day we may have, by way of variety, that ultimate theater proposed by an enthusiast in one of George Kaufman's comedies: "No actors, no text, no audience; just scenery and critics." A good many people have expressed the fear that modern man was forgetting how to read. Perhaps he has already forgotten and perhaps he is developing a taste for being read to. And that suggests an idea for TV. Has anyone yet tried televising a printed page? With, perhaps, a voice dubbed in for those on whom the intricacies of type impose too much of a strain.

None of this is intended to minimize the fact that Mr. Williams's performance is a tour de force remarkably successful from every standpoint, including that of the audience, which, at the performance I attended, stayed behind to applaud until the performer made a curtain speech. Obviously this is no casual parlor stunt but a virtuoso demonstration very carefully worked out to provide great variety where little variety seemed possible and to employ all the resources of voice, facial expression, and

a fluid gesticulating which stops just short of acting properly so called. Mr. Williams appears, not as himself, but as Mr. Dickens, complete with whiskers, white gloves, and the geranium in his buttonhole. He advances with great dignity to the replica of that somewhat Rube Goldbergish reading desk which Dickens himself devised; he slowly removes his gloves, carefully selects a volume, and then suddenly plunges into a baroque presentation of the baroque characters and baroque language of his original.

In some curious way the fact that Mr. Williams is not reading Dickens but pretending to be Dickens reading Dickens is essential to his success. The device seems to constitute some kind of apology. It suggests that the whole thing is offered as a sort of period piece and that therefore an audience which might consider itself too sophisticated to attend a "reading" and, for that matter, too sophisticated to be either amused or

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touched by Dickens's old-fashioned humor and old-fashioned pathos may permit itself to enjoy the whole thing if it is allowed to regard it as quaint. But having thus saved its face, this same audience settles down to enjoy precisely what its grandfathers enjoyed somewhat more directly.

To call the performance a "reading" is inaccurate in at least two respects. In the first place, no page is presented straight through. These are "adaptations" which link bit to bit and which, despite the fact that the matter is by no means confined to dialogue passages, actually constitute set pieces. In the second place, Mr. Williams does not read, he recites. As a matter of fact, his method, far from being novel, is almost precisely that employed for a generation or two on the Chautauqua circuit and taught at various institutions, notably the Emerson School of Oratory in Boston. He varies his voice and his facial expression to fit the character or even the tone of a descriptive passage. He also interprets in gesture not merely the action of the speakers but even inanimate objects, as when, for example, describing the corpulent *épergne* on Mr. Podsnap's table, the one which, you may remember, was "blotched all over as if it had broken out in an irruption rather than been ornamented," he raises his joined hands over his head and imitates

for our horror this repulsive but costly object. Perhaps if he were interpreting any other author Mr. Williams would seem to be overdoing things a bit. But Dickens happens to be a writer whom it is almost impossible to overdo, and as an admirer of his works I can only say that Mr. Williams actually does succeed in making a Dickens passage produce precisely the effect which the writer of it intended.

Since the present performance seems assured of great success, certain vertiginous possibilities are suggested by the thought that some ambitious actor may some day be inspired to imitate Mr. Williams imitating Dickens. There are, moreover, even more disturbing possibilities. One-man shows might promise to solve the problem of the self-defeating costliness of normal theatrical production, but unfortunately there seem to be no solutions to the problems of our times. If whatever is expensive leads to bankruptcy, whatever is inexpensive leads to unemployment. No doubt Actors' Equity will awaken to the threat as the stage hands' union awoke to it long ago. I envisage in the not distant future a back-stage and a below-stage crowded by an orchestra of twenty pieces, a group of four or five featured players, and eight or ten ordinary actors, as well as by the now familiar complement of unnecessary stage hands. They

will all be stand-ins. Out front, before a simple drop "in one," a single working actor will be impersonating Mr. Williams, impersonating Dickens, impersonating Paul Dombey.

Music

B. H.
HAGGIN

FOR A while, at the beginning of the concert by the Budapest Quartet that I attended at the Y. M. H. A., I enjoyed the fine performance of a Haydn quartet in which Roisman's tone was clear and agreeable and effectively completed the sound for which Mischa Schneider's wonderful cello-playing provided the foundation. But as the concert proceeded with Mozart's Clarinet Quintet and Schubert's Quartet Opus 161 Roisman's tone was frequently coarse and scratchy, with damage to the joint performance. Clark Brody's playing of the clarinet part in the Mozart piece was admirably sensitive.

At a Carnegie Hall concert of the Boston Symphony I sat too close to the stage to be able to hear whether the blended sonority of the entire orchestra was what it used to be; but the continuing refinement of its execution and style was something I could perceive and delight in. Ansermet, usually the steadiest of musicians in Mozart, this time produced a performance of the G minor Symphony which had no continuity of pace or momentum. But after Bartok's Viola Concerto and Hindemith's "Nobilissima Visione," neither of which I found interesting, the concert ended with a brilliant performance of one of Stravinsky's most beautiful and fascinatingly contrived scores, "The Fairy's Kiss."

On the radio I have heard Cantelli conduct performances of Beethoven's Fifth with the New York Philharmonic, of Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" and works by Vivaldi with the N. B. C. Symphony, in which every precisely modeled phrase has fallen into place in the beautifully shaped, continuous, and effective progression.

London's previously issued recording of Act 2 of "Die Meistersinger" (two LP records) has been completed with Act 1 (two records) and Act 3 (three records). This makes it the most ex-

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pensive version; but it is incomparably the best; and one can be satisfied to acquire Acts 2 and 3 which have most of the loveliest music. The superb Vienna State Opera cast includes Schöffler as Sachs, Edelmann as Pogner, Dermota as David, Gueden as Eva, and Treptow—his voice as yet undamaged by the constriction in his singing—as Walther. The performance is reproduced with London's characteristic spatial depth, with the balance of singers and orchestra that Act 2 didn't have, and with clarity in the dense Wagnerian texture; and the spreading of the performance on seven records results in the sound remaining clean to the ends of the sides (distortion at these points is the thing to watch out for if, as is rumored, the completed performance is later put on six records). There are some defects: Knappertsbusch's tempos—often too slow, often uncohesive (most obviously in the Prelude); the dryness of the violins, the muffled sound of the brass in the Prelude to Act 3, the blanketing of Gueden by the other singers near the end of the quintet. But their sum is small in comparison with the excellences. The recording, finally, gives the entire work without any cuts; and the listener will be confused by the Metropolitan Opera cuts in the accompanying libretto.

Another of London's operatic hodgepodes, Vienna State Opera Concert, offers the fresh rich bass of Edelmann again in Pizarro's *Ha, welch' ein Augenblick* from "Fidelio" and Falstaff's *Ehi, taverniere* from "Falstaff" (in German), together with excerpts from "Tannhäuser" and "The Barber of Bagdad." On the reverse side are the introduction to Act 2 and Florestan's aria from "Fidelio" with Patzak—his voice hard but his singing effective in the slow portion, the voice less agreeable and adequate in the fast portion; and excerpts from "The Tales of Hoffmann." The Vienna Philharmonic is conducted by Böhm and Moralt.

London also has issued the complete Bayreuth Festival "Parsifal" of 1951. This recording was made under the disadvantageous conditions of a public performance—disadvantageous above all for proper balance. The solo trumpet at the beginning of the Prelude is blanketed by the strings and woodwinds; the orchestra in the Good Fri-

day Spell is blanketed much of the time by the voices. I listened to only a few passages in addition to these—only as much as was necessary to be able to report that the cast includes two superb singers, George London and Ludwig Weber, as Amfortas and Gurnemanz, Hermann Uhde as an excellent Klingsor, Wolfgang Windwassen as a hard-voiced but adequate Parsifal, and Martha Mödl as a tremulously shrill Kundry who occasionally manages a clear climactic high note; that the woodwinds, and especially the flutes, are again shockingly poor and inadequate for the radiance which the score calls for them to produce; and that Knappertsbusch's tempos are again uncohesive and destructive of momentum in the flow of the music. I listened only to these few passages because I could not bring myself to listen to more and would not ask anyone else to do so. The philosophical pretensions, the verbal jargon, and the endless declamation of the "Ring" are hard enough to endure; but Wagner's dramatic theme in "Parsifal"—this sensualist's exaltation of chastity decked out in religious mumbo-jumbo—I find extremely repellent (I would expect a religious person to be outraged by it); and though the music includes pages as miraculous as the Good Friday Spell, most of it reveals an astonishing and boring enfeeblement of the powers of invention and development that are so prodigious in preceding works.

From Urania a complete recording of Smetana's engagingly melodious "The Bartered Bride," sung in German by Böhme (Kezal), Traute Richter, Sebastian Hauser, and other good singers with the chorus and orchestra of the Berlin Civic Opera under Hans Lenzer's direction. The brilliant overture is played with less than the speed and verve it calls for; but after that the performance is well-paced and effective. The singers sound too close to the microphone; but the balance of singers and orchestra is good. The German text in the libretto often doesn't correspond with what is sung.

Sayao's somewhat over-expansive performance of *Ab! fors è lui* and superb performance of *Sempre libera* from "La Traviata" of several years back have been issued on a Columbia LP, with a Villa-Lobos piece.

CONTRIBUTORS

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS**Students' Petition to McGrath**

Dear Sirs: Your readers may be interested to know that the Committee Against Violence in Florida at Central Michigan College has obtained from a student body of 1,600 approximately 559 signatures to a petition which was sent to Attorney General J. Howard McGrath on January 20 demanding that the Justice Department take action against the recent violence in Florida. The committee has also prepared a pamphlet entitled "Democracy as Practiced in Florida" which has been sent to the editors of 118 college newspapers in the Midwest.

The Nation deserves applause for its splendid exposé of the products of reaction in Florida and elsewhere.

THE COMMITTEE AGAINST

VIOLENCE IN FLORIDA,

Central Michigan College

Mount Pleasant, Mich.

Governor Stevenson's Record

Dear Sirs: The article by Len Schroeter in the February 9 issue of *The Nation* on racial violence in Cairo, Illinois, does not give an accurate account of the role of Governor Adlai Stevenson and the Illinois Commission on Human Relations.

It may be true, as Schroeter suggests, that the Governor did not reply directly to a telegram from Roy Wilkins, but he answered it by being closely and personally in touch with the brewing violence in Cairo. The director of the Illinois Commission on Human Relations, Russell Babcock, was in Cairo on January 26 and intermittently afterward. As a professional race-relations adviser with vast experience with racial violence, he was not foolish enough to tell anybody that—as Schroeter says—"there was nothing to worry about." Indeed, Schroeter, before making these serious charges against the Governor and Babcock, did not talk with either of these gentlemen.

The tragic fact is that the Cairo school board has been breaking the state law for years in maintaining segregated public schools and that after some Negro children enrolled in "white" schools in January, there was violence; and there

is still high tension in the community. For this, many are to blame, and probably no governor and no official commission can do enough. Yet two days after the bombing, four white persons were arrested, and the Governor and his commission have been doing a great deal to establish law and order—and justice—in Cairo. Thus in our judgment Schroeter is mistaken in asserting—whenever he wrote his article—that "more energetic action might have been looked for from the liberal Governor Adlai Stevenson."

Nobody is perfect, but we were tremendously impressed with the vigorous and courageous role of Governor Stevenson and the Illinois commission during and after the race riots in Cicero last summer. We have continued to be impressed with the role of the Governor and the Illinois State Employment Service in recently eliminating all discriminatory job orders. And in the handling of the Cairo tension and violence the Governor has not marred his enviable record.

WAITSTILL H. SHARP, Director, Chicago Council Against Racial and Religious Discrimination; EDWARD MEYERDING, Executive Secretary, Chicago Division, American Civil Liberties Union; FAITH RICH, Chairman, Education Committee, Illinois State Conference, N. A. A. C. P.; HOMER JACK, Minister, Unitarian Church of Evanston

Chicago, Ill.

Reprint of Educational Series

Dear Sirs: I am sure that I speak on behalf of many professional workers in education when I extend to you and Dr. Theodore Brameld my sincere thanks and congratulations for having published the timely and important series of articles on public education entitled *The Battle for Free Schools*.

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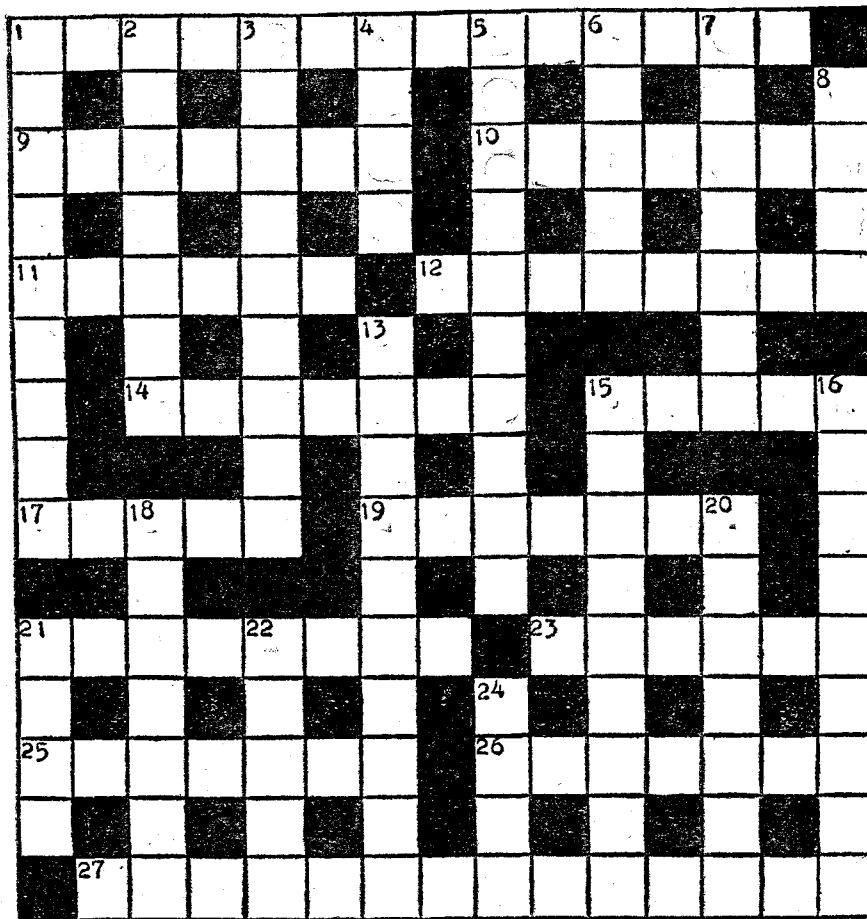
HERBERT K. WALTHER,

Chairman, Department of Education,
University of Denver

Denver, Colo.

Crossword Puzzle No. 453

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Ethel's Daddy from Mississippi? (6, 2, 6)
- 9 See 15 across.
- 10 An end for the one who repairs wires or tackle, perhaps. (7)
- 11 Look forward to an event (not necessarily blessed). (6)
- 12 Figures, perhaps, on being representative. (8)
- 14 Sixth most famous Madonna? (7)
- 15, 9, 5 down, 21 down. Implying the testament is invariably associated with means. (5, 6, 1, 4, 6, 1, 3)
- 17 One of these might be just dandy! (5)
- 19 Fresh, if official. (7)
- 21 Wet wash rather than dry cleaning. (8)
- 23 Famous gates where a truce talk is scarcely interrupted? (6)
- 25 NHHH. (7)
- 26 See 20 down. (7)
- 27 Shrubbery, and long-lived; some might think they make a perfect picture. (6, 3, 5)

DOWN

- 1 Going after oil? 1 across is! (3-6)
- 2 A Greek ship set out from it. (7)
- 3 Setting up practice? (9)
- 4 Tentmaker for Bradley? (4)

- 5 See 15 across.
- 6 Something that can be held both ways. (5)
- 7 Is violence merely an inclination to take your time? (7)
- 8 Just look for it in a million lyrics! (4)
- 13 "A" might stand for Adam. (5, 2, 3)
- 15 If the wish comes true, I'll eat it! (9)
- 16 His business reputedly belongs to nobody. (9)
- 18 There isn't a single answer to this problem. (7)
- 20 Why some people went to 26 in '33? (3, 4)
- 21 See 15 across.
- 22 Continuous progress of a singer. (5)
- 24 Conduct a foot examination. (4)

•••••

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 452

ACROSS:—10 SHORTEN; 11 TO CELIA; 12 ORDINANCE; 13 MITES; 14 SUMMER; 16 SCHUYLER; 19 DISHONOR; 20 MISSES; 22 HUMID; 23 REHBARSAL; 25 VALIANT; 26 NOISOME; 27 INTERPOSINGLY.

DOWN:—3 OVOID; 4 ENTENTE CORDIALE; 5 OWNING; 6 PATIENCE; 8 EXCOMMUNICATION; 7 TALL TALES; 9 ESPOUSED; 15 MUSKELON; 17 RESULTED; 18 DOOR STOP; 21, 22, 1, 9 THINGS HAVE COME TO A PRETTY PASS; 24 SPOIL.

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SPARTACUS

The Strange Story of a Book

IN A PREVIOUS statement in *The Nation* I told the readers of this magazine something about why I and no commercial publisher brought out my new novel, *Spartacus*. I feel that it is of great importance now to detail something of the history of this book since its publication not so long ago. For the history of this venture becomes more than the story of just a book.

When I made the decision to publish this book myself late in October of 1951, I ordered a thousand copies to be printed, to be sold by subscription at \$5 apiece. While the manuscript was still being corrected, these thousand copies were sold, and I increased the first printing to 2500 copies. However, these books were so quickly subscribed to that while the book was still on press I ordered a second edition of 7500 copies.

I still had not plated the book, nor did I yet consider it in terms of mass publication. People who had no idea of the contents or the value of the book were ordering it and sending money in advance to pay for it. However, there were sufficient of these amazing orders for me to decide to make plates and to go to press with a third printing.

Plates were manufactured, and at the end of December I ordered a third printing of 5000 copies, bringing the total now printed to 15,000 copies. At the same time Liberty Book Club had ordered its own edition of 6500 copies, so I could say that 20,000 copies of the book were already in print. By January 15 the bulk of the 15,000 copies I had ordered for myself had been sold, and I ordered a fourth printing of 3600 copies.

By February 1st it became apparent that these 3600 copies would soon be exhausted, and at the time of this writing I am giving instructions for a fifth printing of 5000 copies. Thus only a few days after the official date of publication, there are 23,600 copies of **Spartacus** in print, not including the Liberty Book Club Edition.

The price of *Spartacus*, clothbound and in a dust wrapper, is \$2.50. Use the coupon below. Send check, money order or cash. If sending cash, 50¢ in stamps may be enclosed along with the bills.

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I do not wholly know how to account for the strange success of this book. But I realize that in publishing it I have had an experience unique to American writers, for over 4000 letters have been written to me concerning this book and my writing in general.

From these letters I came to understand that through my own life and struggle, books I write have symbolic importance in terms of the struggle for American culture and for the rich American traditions of freedom and democracy. Reading these 4000 letters has been one of the most moving experiences of my whole life. From them I learned enormously. I came close to people who read books and who know what they want in reading.

I had gentle and generous and warm and good advice from the very old, the very young, the worker, the professional, the housewife, the artist. I have nameless letters from people in government service, and heart-rending letters from young men in the armed services. I have letters from Negro people, from Jewish people, from Americans whose ancestors came over on the Mayflower, and from Americans whose ancestors came over in steerage a generation ago.

From these letters I have learned a tremendous lot, and I am profoundly grateful for them. I have quoted many of them, but now there are too many to quote from here, and I do not think that there is too much point in quoting.

Spartacus is a book which tells of struggle, of the fight for human dignity, and of the age-old and timeless resistance to tyranny which will some day liberate all of mankind. It is a book which people have not been afraid to buy. Storekeepers, who only a year ago were intimidated, are carrying this book on their shelves, and already more than two hundred public libraries have ordered it directly from me.

Now I want to use this book, if it is possible, to batter down some of the ramparts of ignorance, intolerance and censorship that have been erected in America over the past several years. I already have some indication that this book, which commercial publishers were afraid to publish, may be a unique best seller of our times. But that depends, in the last analysis, upon you.

I urge you to order **Spartacus**, to read it, to let me know what you think of it and how it can be distributed even more widely in a land where so much of the process of distribution is concentrated in the hands of a few.

I am not simply asking you to help *me*. I am asking you to help in a mutual struggle upon which so much depends.

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